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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 1033
PAN-AMERICA AND THE AXIS 1036
THE CROIX DE FEU VOTE FOR DALADIER. By Alexander Werth 1037
A LONDON DIARY 1038
THIS ENGLAND 1040
MARRYING HEALTH TO AGRICULTURE. By L. F. Easterbrook 1040
NATURE'S NOISES. By Y. Y. 1042
UNOFFICIAL CENSORSHIP. By D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P. 1043
PARADISE LOST. By Desmond MacCarthy . . 1044
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West. . . . 1045
"DON CARLOS" AT SADLER'S WELLS. By W. J. Turner 1046
PLAYS AND PICTURES 1046
CORRESPONDENCE 1047
From G. Bernard Shaw; Hugh I'A. Fausset; Clive Bell; B. Anne Godwin; Lady Gladstone; Hinley Atkinson; "An Eye Witness"; F. G.; Sir William Beveridge; R. T. Paget; Viscount Esher.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . Page 1052
REVIEWS:
Ramsay MacDonald. By Kingsley Martin . 1054
A Thief of Time. By Edward Sackville West . 1056
Not Here, O Apollo. By Raymond Mortimer . 1058
An Eighteenth-century Dictator. By Roger Fulford 1060
Two Maltreated Liberals. By Raymond Alderson 1062
Birds. By David Garnett 1064
The Germans in Greece. By John Mavrogordato 1064
Picture Books 1064
A Guildsman's Memories. By G. D. H. Cole . 1066
SHORTER NOTICES 1066
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 1067
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 1068
CROSSWORD 1070
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives 1072

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IN the House on Monday Mr. Chamberlain made the truthful, but dangerously simple, statement that this country was bound by no formal commitment to aid France if Tunisia should be attacked. Without qualification, this sounded almost like an invitation to Italy. In Tuesday's speech to the foreign press Mr. Chamberlain corrected himself by saying that our relations with France are so close as to "pass beyond mere legal obligations." A subsequent answer to a question on Wednesday went further, for it conveyed that an attack on Tunisia would be a matter of common concern. It is needless to report in detail the demonstrations that have continued throughout the week in Tunis itself and in the Italian press. For France the fortunate circumstance is that the more influential members of the Italian colony in that protectorate are Jews, whom the Duce has just degraded from their citizen rights. The Arabs, moreover, though they have their grievances against French rule, remember with what cruelties Libya was conquered. But the future possession of Tunisia turns on events in Spain. If at Rome Mr. Chamberlain facilitates the Italian conquest of the Peninsula and consents to a virtual surrender of Majorca (however that may be disguised), neither Tunisia nor any French possession in North Africa would be defensible. The future of the Mediterranean and its coasts turns on the Spanish Republic's food supply. Happily foreign shipments have recently increased and there are prospects of further supplies on a generous scale from U.S.A.

Memel

Decisive events may soon follow the totalitarian victory of the Nazi party in the provincial election in Memelland. It claims that it polled 89 per cent. of the votes cast, though to achieve this result it had first disqualified 6,000 Lithuanian electors and then terrorised the rest. None the less, no one doubts that the Germans form the substantial majority, and that they are predominantly Nazi. We have no reason to be proud either of the original detachment of Memel from the German Fatherland, or of the subsequent conduct of the League, which allowed the Lithuanians to drive out the French garrison in the early days of its history. Now, of course, the feeble reminder from Britain and France to Berlin that they have some standing in the question of the future of Memel will be disregarded. It is probable, but by no means certain, that an *Anschluss* will soon be effected. But in

this case the Führer is unlikely to make a brutal use of force. He cannot wish to drive Lithuania into the arms of the Poles, with whom he may soon have an account to settle. Moreover, whatever change he may contemplate in the political status of Memel, its prosperity depends on its function as the port of Lithuania. Her own little sandy sea coast is useless, but she might resort to the Latvian port of Libau. If Germany takes Memel the Nazis will rejoice in another victory and in a strategic advance. But this business, however it ends, will cause no international earthquake.

Dr. Schacht's Visit

The motives behind Dr. Schacht's mission to London appear to be twofold. On the one hand Germany is ready to do a deal in refugees, that is, to permit Jewish emigration if British relief funds can be allocated to bailing them out of the Reich. More important, the British Government's decision to increase the Export Credit Guarantee fund by £25 millions, and to provide £10 millions to guarantee export credits for contracts not within the fund's normal scope but politically desirable, has doubtless impressed General Göring and Dr. Funk with the desirability of giving some colour of actuality to the "informal" negotiations which have been going on for some time in connection with the mooted Anglo-German trade pact. Dr. Schacht is no longer of any real importance in Germany: the Reichsbank is merely the obedient financial handmaid to the "Economic Plan." But he is a "respectable" emissary, *persona grata* with Mr. Montagu Norman and the pro-Nazi City elements. If he can succeed indirectly in dissuading the Board of Trade from taking effective steps to counter the competition of subsidised German exports in the South American and other overseas markets, he will render the Axis one more service. Strange that the City should welcome a visitor whose chief claim to eminence has been his success in diddling Germany's foreign creditors and whose object is now to deal the democracies one more nasty blow in their economic systems.

The Lords and Palestine

The idea of a large federation of Arab States, in which Palestine, on the withdrawal of the Mandatory Power, might ultimately be included, has gained a notable advocate in the person of Viscount Samuel. The House of Lords, debating this unhappy problem, heard the late Colonial Secretary, Lord Harlech, denouncing the Mufti as an inveterate enemy of Britain intent on dynastic conquest of power, and the former Jewish Governor of Palestine unexpectedly deprecating Zionist intransigence. Lord Samuel suggested that Jewish immigration into Palestine should be so regulated that the Jewish proportion of the population should not exceed 40 per cent. in ten years' time. This is a reasonable means of allaying Arab fears of submergence under an unchecked flood of Semitic refugees; and the possibility of developing Transjordan so as to enable it to absorb both Arab and Jewish colonists deserves, as Lord Samuel urged, careful consideration. But though few will disagree with Lord Samuel's admission that the Arab Nationalist movement is a genuine popular cause meriting respect, and that hard bargaining by Jewry might easily imperil the security of all that immigration has achieved in Palestine, the question remains how the idea of an independent Zionist State is to be reconciled with the inclusion of Palestine, unpartitioned, in an Arab Confederacy. Lord Samuel says "Let the British Mandate continue." For the moment that is the obvious way of deferring difficult decisions, but it is not a final solution.

Fishing in the Far East

Mr. Togo, Japanese Ambassador in Moscow, recently asked for the renewal for a period of eight years of the Fisheries Convention which gives her fishing rights along the shores of the Russian possessions in the seas of Japan, Okhotsk and Behring. Mr. Litvinov reminded him of the violations of the Treaty of Portsmouth which he invoked by the military occupation of Manchuria and the obstacles to the free navigation of Soviet vessels in the La Pérouse Straits, and of their failure to pay off their debt of nearly six million yen for the Chinese Eastern Railway. Mr. Litvinov proposed a temporary Fisheries agreement on a limited basis, involving the withdrawal of 40 out of the 380 areas subject to Japanese exploitation. In a further discussion on December 8th the Japanese Ambassador gave an assurance that no obstacles would be created for free navigation by Soviet ships in the La Pérouse Straits and, whilst admitting no connection between the Fisheries Convention negotiations and those of the Chinese Eastern Railway payments, said that his Government would consider the question provided a Fisheries Convention for eight years were signed before December 10th. Mr. Litvinov replied that in the event of actual payment or a firm guarantee of payment by an exact date, a long-term convention could be concluded. An agreement seems probable because Japan is aware that the U.S.S.R. does not regard threats as a reason for abandoning her case.

The League's Budget

At present the League of Nations costs, all told, about one and a half million pounds a year, this cost being spread over all the member States. The Special Committee which has been reporting on the League's finances now recommends a cut of 20 per cent. in the Budget, which includes the International Labour Organisation as well as the League itself. Doubtless, the first comment of many people will be that the reduction seems moderate, in relation to the decline in the League's importance and service to the world. Why should it not be made to cut its coat according to its cloth? But in fact most of the money in question is spent not on the services which the League has been impotent to render in recent years, but on other services the value of which remains almost unaffected by political forces. The I.L.O. is doing really excellent work, especially in the East and in South America. The League Health Organisation is no less serviceable in its special field, and has been able to do much-needed work for the relief of suffering in China and in Spain. The League sections dealing with the drug traffic and the white slave traffic are needed fully as much as ever. Yet all these services are likely to suffer because of the League's eclipse as a political instrument. Further, in Geneva at least, everyone knows that the staff curtailments which are now in progress are not free from political motives. The League is being purged in order to make its personnel more pleasing to the Dictators, and the Budget reduction is very welcome to those highly placed persons who

see their way to using it as an instrument for "totalitarianising" the League.

Weaver's Wages

The employers in the cotton industry, after taking a full year to consider the claim, have finally rejected the weavers' application for a guaranteed weekly minimum wage of 35*s*. The difficulties, says the employers' reply, "are insurmountable at the moment." Thus the claim is rejected, not on the ground that the weavers have no case but because the industry cannot afford it. Actually, many weavers are in receipt of wages which admit of no defence except the sheer inability to pay. At the wage census of 1937, when the trade was a good deal more prosperous than it is to-day, weavers working four looms averaged £1 17*s*. 4½*d*., and those working six looms £2 4*s*. 5*d*. a week; but the large numbers working three looms averaged only £1 10*s*. 11*d*., and those on two looms only £1 7*s*. 2½*d*. These figures include men as well as women; and considerably lower earnings are found among the auxiliary trades attached to the industry. Some years ago Parliament passed a Weavers' Act applying the minimum wage system to a small section of the industry; but this has been inoperative, and the main body of workers remains wholly unprotected. Under the system now in force in Lancashire, bad trade is met largely by reducing the number of looms worked, rather than the number of operatives: so that the available work is spread over a large number of weavers at excessively low earnings. A guaranteed minimum would mean more unemployment, with something nearer to a living wage for those employed. Surely this is to be preferred to the chronic depression of wage-standards which the present system involves. There ought to be legislation, bringing the entire industry under a Wages Board with power to fix a guaranteed weekly minimum wage.

The Government and the Railways

In submitting the railway case to the Transport Advisory Council the Minister of Transport has not been content to leave the Council to form its own opinion without a lead. He announces that, "as at present advised, he is inclined to the view that in existing circumstances there is, *prima facie*, a case for some material relaxation of existing statutory regulations, provided that due regard is had to the ultimate objective of the co-ordination of all forms of transport." As an example of infelicitous official English, this pronouncement must take a high place: as a clue to the Government's intentions, it appears to indicate a willingness to go at any rate some distance towards meeting the railway companies' demands. The critical question, of course, is that of the stress to be laid on the "ultimate objective." To remove the existing regulations in order to clear the way for a freight war between road and rail would be a curious method of promoting co-ordination—unless indeed what the Minister has in mind is a freight war ending in a negotiated peace between the parties, or in other words co-ordination under some sort of transport combine without public control. To us this seems the worst possible way of approaching the matter. If the maintenance of railway capital values is a vital public interest, as we agree it is, surely the correct course is to take the railways over, lock, stock and barrel, and at the same time to co-ordinate their working with that of other forms of transport under public control by a responsible body open to public criticism.

Civilisation's Scourge

The Cancer Bill, to which the House of Commons has given a second reading by consent, is a sensible if not very dramatic measure. Additional treatment and diagnostic centres are to be provided by local authorities at an estimated annual cost of about £700,000, of which half will be found by the State. In support of the Bill, Mr. Elliot emphasised the appalling growth in the death rate ascribable to this disease and the importance of early diagnosis and treatment. Of the total number of deaths between the ages of 15 and 65 no less than 17 per cent. are due to cancer, which claims 74,000 victims every year. Outside London the provision of adequately staffed treatment centres is far from adequate. It is now proposed to establish twelve new centres for treatment, and 300 additional consultation centres for diagnosis. Further, 1,000 new hospital beds for cancer patients will be provided, and a grant of £50,000 will be made to the Radium Trust for the purchase of two grammes of radium annually for the next five years. To these proposals, which furnish a welcome gloss on the Minister of Health's "no money for social services" declaration, no exception can be taken. The only matter for regret is that Mr. Elliot's reawakened generosity has not extended to including in his Bill a really substantial grant for research. In this as in so many other matters this country should spend more on the advancement of technical knowledge.

Democracy and Efficiency

It is commonly asserted nowadays that the democratic system is incompetent to deal with the economic, political and military problems set for it by the growth of totalitarianism on the Continent. Some argue from this, correctly in our view, that the only adequate answer is Socialism, which is the fulfilment and not the denial of democracy; others hope to accomplish all that is necessary without modifying our present capitalist democracy; while a third school falls consciously or unconsciously into an acceptance of the notion that Fascism is the only efficient system. Is it true that the organisation of Defence involves the loss of liberty. In order to throw light on this problem, we have arranged a series of interviews with some of those who have been most urgent in demanding both the preservation of democracy and the reconstruction of our national life to meet the threat of Fascism. We particularly wish for the opinion of people who have had experience of administration in the conditions of war. If there were inefficiencies and delays in organisation during the war, were these due to the opposition of vested interests, to the existence of criticism in press and Parliament, or to the quarrels between politicians and generals? To-day, is it true that we have no choice except either to lie down and allow ourselves to be trampled on or to adopt the regimentation of a totalitarian State? We hope next week to print the first of this series. Among those whose opinions will be given in these interviews are Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. J. M. Keynes.

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PAN-AMERICA AND THE AXIS

[The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are not henceforth to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European Powers . . . we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.—President Monroe's Message to Congress, 1823.]

WHEN Mr. Cordell Hull delivered his opening address to the conference of the twenty-one American republics now in session at Lima he gave, in effect, a new interpretation of a century-old Presidential Message which has led to much misunderstanding and suspicion in the relations between the United States and the countries of Central and South America. Monroe was thinking primarily in terms of security for the United States; he was laying no claim to a general protectorate over the two Americas. The policies, however, pursued from time to time by his successors—in the Venezuela Boundary dispute, for instance, and in Theodore Roosevelt's seizure of the Dominican Customs—made it look as though pretensions to hegemony were implicit in the Monroe Doctrine. To allay the enduring antagonisms thus aroused has been one of the chief objectives of the State Department under Mr. Cordell Hull's guidance. Non-intervention pledges have been handed round by Washington; full sovereignty has been accorded to Panama, and U.S. officials withdrawn from Haiti; even in Mexico support for the claims of the expropriated oil companies has been studiously moderate and diplomatically "correct." It was, in short, as the apostle of Roosevelt the Second's policy of Good Neighbourliness that the Secretary of State sailed for Peru at the head of the U.S. delegation; it was in the spirit of the friendly Big Brother disclaiming any idea of personal economic or political advantage that he urged the conference to be on guard against the ominous shadow cast by the Fascist Axis over the whole western hemisphere.

Warning the delegates that danger might come not so much from armed invasion as from totalitarian activities undermining independence, Mr. Cordell Hull offered, on the part of the United States, not tutelage but his Government's powerful support for a free association of the twenty-one republics in a Pan-American League based on the conception of a united front against ideological aggression. Delivered in the capital of a country whose President is the Duce's close friend, whose police are Italian-trained, whose banking system, light and power plant, newspapers and radio organisation are dominated by Italy, and whose staple sugar industry is largely controlled by a German firm enjoying the privilege of an extra-territorial port, this was a bold speech. Its ultimate effects have yet to be seen; but the objections instantly raised in the conference by the "A.B.C." Powers—Argentina, Brazil and Chile—against the adoption of any proposals calculated to provoke reprisals by the Axis indicate the difficulty of mobilising in South America effective resistance to totalitarian penetration in the economic field.

In Peru, the commercial influence of the Japanese colony, estimated at over 50,000 in number, is second only to that of Italy, while Italian control of the air force is politically of prime importance. Down the West Coast, in Chile, the three Axis Powers have steadily undermined the trade leadership of the United States and actually promoted, last September, a serious (though ultimately abortive) rising by Nazi partisans in Santiago. Brazil, whose population includes over a million Italians and half a million Germans, is increasingly dependent on the Central European market as an outlet for her crops of cotton and citrus fruits, while her ores are valuable to the Reich. German penetration has been intensive. Krupp and other "heavy" industrialists have secured mining concessions; Lufthansa controls the internal air routes; the import-export trade is increasingly dominated, at the expense of Britain and the United States, by Dr. Funk's emissaries. There are fifteen Nazi newspapers in Brazil; and short-wave radio sets tunable only to German programmes are sold at bargain prices. In trade, sales of aircraft and munitions, and propaganda, the Italians have run the Reich a close second; the importance of Japan to Brazil as an export market is also very substantial. Finally, in the Argentine, the Italian colony forms two-thirds of the total population and there are 100,000 German colonists. Here, too, Germany controls civil aviation; and though economically the Argentine, with its southern satellites, is dependent rather on the British and United States than on the Axis markets, the commercial influence exercised by Germany and Italy is increasing.

It is, therefore, not surprising that Mr. Cordell Hull's proposal for an economic Pan-American united front against totalitarian invasion by the dictatorships should have run sharply against a snag. Will the harvest of Good Neighbour democratic idealism be more fruitful in the political sphere? The obstacles in this direction lie not so much in the old mutual antagonisms between the South American republics (did not Chile applaud last year the United States' offer to lend Brazil six warships?) as in the sharp conflict of policies between the progressive and reactionary States, and in the struggle—so far as the latter are concerned—between popular movements and the Governments in power. It would be a mistake to identify the dictatorships of Brazil, Venezuela, Chile and Peru with National Socialism: they are merely examples of the personal *l'état c'est moi* rule to which South America has been long accustomed. President Vargas, for instance, used the Nazi Integralistas to destroy the constitution and then suppressed them. But in these republics, and even in the near-dictatorship of Argentina, the régime is one of unmitigated reaction. Poor soil this for the planting of Mr. Cordell Hull's democratic seeds. And, even if he were still more explicitly to disavow intentions to intervene in Mexico on Standard Oil's behalf, suppose the United States were to accept the proposal, which Colombia, Ecuador and Costa Rica will probably make, that Washington should pledge itself not to oppose diplomatically or by armed force any expropriation of capitalist exploiters. Dictators, no less than popular Governments, could play the expropriation game—given license. Here another very real snag obstructs Pan-Americanism. Moreover, from the point of view of Mexico's President Cardenas or the Left-wing Apristas of Peru, what guarantee is there that the 1940 election in the United States may not install in the White House a President whose Administration would back all the forces of capitalist reaction in Central and South America?

Economically, in a game which is of vital concern to Britain—for a Fascist domination of the South American republics would mean in war the loss of essential sources of supply—Uncle Sam has still got high cards in his hand. He can lend: the United States Import-Export Bank has been galvanised into action, and has financed this autumn a public works programme in Haiti and the purchase of railway equipment by Chile and Brazil. Its dollars can be spread more widely. The Axis Powers have no foreign exchange at their disposal on a competitive scale. But, however considerable the extent to which the United States might be willing to increase investment in South America, is it warrantable to look for the emergence of a Pan-American common front—with or without the Pan-American Navy which Mexico advocated last September—from such a politically discordant congeries of progressive and reactionary republics?

Two factors will determine the answer to that question. The first is the attitude of Washington to President Cardenas. If Mexico, despite the recent diplomatic *détente*, is driven by Washington's covert backing for the claims of Standard Oil and Mexican Eagle into increased reliance on Germany as an output for her petroleum, the potentially valuable support of the progressive South American republics to the cause of Pan-American Good Neighbourliness will be lost for ever. Secondly, the fact must be faced that South America, in politics as well as in temperament, is a devotee of material success. In Callao and Buenos Ayres alike nothing succeeds like diamonds on the finger, and the test of power to succeed, in Latin America's eyes to-day, is Spain. If the democratic Powers—and here the accent is on London rather than Washington—decide from weakness to abet or tolerate the destruction of Spanish democracy, the shadow cast by Munich over South America will deepen—in frustration of all Mr. Cordell Hull's hopes.

THE CROIX DE FEU VOTE FOR DALADIER

APPEASEMENT is in full swing. Ten days ago Italy proclaimed her "rights" in Corsica, Nice, Savoy, Tunisia and Jibuti; since then, lest her claims be regarded as a joke, she has consented to limit them to Tunisia, Jibuti, and a share in the administration of the Suez Canal. And now Rome is keenly awaiting Mr. Chamberlain's arrival. No doubt a deal on Spain will be suggested to him in the name of "appeasement," and the territorial claim on Tunisia will be abandoned for the present, except that he may be asked to send a Runciman Mission there. The slogan of the Italians in Tunis is already: "We want Runciman!" The whole thing is a good example of the diplomatic technique of the Dictators. The demonstration in the Italian Chamber was "ridiculous," "absurd," "impudent," but if, as a net result, Tunisia becomes a "problem," it will have served its purpose. The trap is nicely set for Mr. Chamberlain. All this does not mean that Tunisia is perfect as it is, and that nothing should be done about it. But the Italian "problem" is insignificant compared with the economic problem of Tunisia as a whole; and the sooner the French alter the present system under which, roughly speaking, Tunisia is an open market to French exports, but France is *not* an open market to Tunisian exports, the better it will be. This system has created a great deal of discontent among the native population, which is, after all, more important than the 5 per cent. of Italians. But even so, it is more than doubtful if the transfer of Tunisia to Italy would be either welcomed by the natives (who dislike the Italians much more than they dislike the French), or if it would do them much good. The French Government has pointed out—and pending a substantiated *démenti* I accept the figures—that whereas in fifty years of French rule the native population of Tunisia has doubled, the native population of Tripolitania has been reduced by two-thirds in twenty-five years of Italian rule!

In the meantime, "Great Ukraine" has become the Nazi slogan in Eastern Europe. German instructors are organising an "Ukrainian" police force in Subcarpathian Russia, and are bringing Ukrainian *sicheviks* back into being—those *sicheviks* who formerly acted as their agents during the German occupation of the Ukraine in 1917–18; while a Japanese "observer," named Katahoki, has been travelling between Bucharest and Warsaw, and telling the head of the "Ukrainian" Government of Subcarpathian Russia that "your little Ukrainian State has a great future before it." In fact, under the guise of self-determination and anti-Bolshevism Germany is preparing to attack Russia. Nevertheless France does nothing. No attempt is being made to encourage the consolidation of the second—i.e., the Russo-Polish-Rumanian—line of resistance. Instead, the *Temps* writes academic articles on *le problème de l'Ukraine* and says that "our pact with Russia and our alliance with Poland have lost much of their practical significance." Yet another paper, the *Petit Bleu*, says self-consolingly: "If the Germans go into that hornets' nest, so much the better."

And for two days the Chamber talked, and M. Daladier, in his two-hour speech, did not make the slightest reference to Eastern Europe. "I want peace with Germany," he cried, "and so does every ex-serviceman." And left it at that. For every political argument that brings in ex-servicemen is supposed to be unanswerable, whatever its implications. One has the impression that the argument about the hornets' nest is beginning to carry weight; though there are some people who actually look forward to a victorious German march from Lwow to the Don; "they'll stamp out Bolshevism, God bless them, and they will also have enough to keep them busy for years; so we'll be left in peace." *Et après?* Never mind.

During Ribbentrop's visit last week, there was a lot of humming and hawing on both sides; but the net result of it was that M. Bonnet did *not* receive any clear assurance that the Germans were not interested in Spain and would not support Italian claims in the Mediterranean; while Ribbentrop (as is made more than plain by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, whose statement has not been denied by the French Government) left Paris with the impression that France was not really interested in anything beyond the Rhine. As regards Tunisia and the other Italian claims, the French certainly feel much more strongly about it; and if none of this was mentioned by M. Daladier in the Chamber—except for a reference to the intangibility of France and her Empire—it was largely in order to snub Mussolini; and the Italians were certainly furious to find that their claims had not even been mentioned in the Chamber. And yet there are many who wonder whether a plain "go to hell" would not have been more useful than a silence which, after all, lends itself to all kinds of interpretations—for instance, to the suggestion that M. Daladier is waiting to discuss Tunisia with Mr. Chamberlain.

Altogether, one had the impression that M. Daladier was rather embarrassed by the whole international outlook, and that he covered up his embarrassment with easy phrases about "ex-servicemen wanting peace with Germany" and with a pugnacious defence of Munich, and an attack on those who, before Munich, had advocated a "policy of firmness." This "policy of firmness was a policy of war," M. Daladier proclaimed. But all this did not dispel the feeling of *malaise* in the Chamber, and it is curious that while M. Daladier talked a lot about *le grand vieillard* Mr. Chamberlain, he did not mention Herr von Ribbentrop by name. No one, except the pro-Nazi members of the Comité France-Allemagne, could deny the fearful unreality of the Franco-German meeting; and the endless photographs of the German Minister in the officially inspired press did not make the thing any more real.

Perhaps the only tangible reminder of stark reality during that artificial "meeting of friendship" was an item on the German Embassy menu: *Jambon de Prague*. One of the guests told me afterwards that it felt like eating a piece of France's slaughtered ally.

Foreign affairs were, clearly, an unpleasant subject for M. Daladier to discuss. He preferred instead to devote nearly three-quarters of his speech to his victory over the General Strike. It gave him at last the long-awaited opportunity to act and to sound like the Strong Man of France. In fact, it was easy. For the strike was an absurdity. It was announced a fortnight in advance, which gave the Government ample time to prepare its counter-measures, of which the requisition orders on the railways and in the public services were the most important. But even this might not have wrecked the strike, if only the issues had been clear. Among wide sections of the working class there had, undoubtedly, been a strong feeling of revolt against the humiliation of Munich; further, the big employers, encouraged by the obvious drift of the Government towards the Right, had assumed an aggressive now-it's-my-turn attitude. They seized upon the 40-hour decrees as an opportunity for exercising their "authority" over the workers. In many actively employed factories the 5 x 8 principle was admittedly a bad one; yet there are numerous factories where there is scarcely enough work for 5 days, but where the employers nevertheless insisted, for the "moral" effect of it, on spreading the work over 5½ days—even if it increased their overheads. Such cases were quoted even in the *République*, not a paper unfriendly to the employers. But this, like the other decrees, was clearly an inadequate basis for a general strike.

And yet the decrees were its official motive. In the minds of many workers "Munich" was the unofficial motive, but important sections of the workers—particularly "pacifist" schoolteachers and postmen—were not "anti-Munich" by any means; so the issues were hopelessly confused. If there had been unanimity about "Munich" the strike might have been less of a failure; but if there was unanimity about the decrees, these were, clearly, not a sufficient reason for a general strike, especially one in which, owing to the requisition orders, the risk of losing one's job was very considerable. The game was not worth the candle. What precipitated the strike—which had been agreed to only in principle at the C.G.T.'s Nantes Congress on November 16th—was the stay-in strikes that broke out, on November 24th, in the north of France, and in a number of works in the Paris area, among them the Renault Works, with its 33,000 men. It was partly a spontaneous movement, though the Government attributed it entirely to Communist agitators. The Government acted promptly. Without any attempt to "negotiate" an evacuation, it sent 10,000 police and mobile guards to the Renault works, and the few thousand strikers who put up a resistance were driven out with the help of tear gas. In a strictly legal sense, the Government was on solid ground; but it was a nasty business; and it played into the hands of those who wanted the General Strike. Jouhaux, Belin, and other trade union leaders, who were doubtful about its advisability, gave way. But till the last moment they were hoping for a conciliatory gesture from the Government, which would have enabled them to call off the strike. But Daladier locked himself up in his room, and refused to see any mediators—not even the ex-servicemen's delegation that had come to propose a "settlement." He wanted his victory over the trade unions—and, in the circumstances, he got it. He was immensely pleased. Amid deafening cheers from the Right he boasted about his victory for a whole hour. "Tear gas!" he cried. "Don't blame the Prefect of Police for it; don't blame the Commander of the *Garde Mobile!* They didn't order tear gas to be used. I did. *C'était moi!*" And he added, with a touch of humour: "I wish I could have given them laughing gas instead!"

Law and Order, Law and Order. Since he was dwelling so much on "legality," M. Daladier could have made a gesture, in the name of that same "legality," had he chosen to do so. Three hundred Renault strikers had, almost without exception, been automatically sentenced to fines and terms of imprisonment. The men had been arrested during the evacuation of the works; but there were no *individual* charges, and not even a *procès verbal* on the circumstances of each man's arrest. Me. Moro-Giafferi and other eminent French jurists had denounced this "mass trial" of the Renault strikers as a juridical scandal reminiscent of Fascist methods. M. Daladier clearly felt uneasy about it, and admitted that there was bound to have been some confusion at the time of the evacuation of the Renault works, but while this implied that some innocent men were in prison, he missed the opportunity of proposing an amnesty. Such an amnesty would have done much to reconcile the working class to M. Daladier. But in that case, M. Chiappe and the Croix de Feu might not have voted for the Daladier Government.

And on Friday night they did vote for him. On the face of it—and especially after M. Daladier's speech—France is ruled to-day by a Government of "law and order," with the Socialists and Communists (i.e. the two Labour parties) solidly against it. But a third of the Radicals abstained, and so showed their open disapproval; and a great many other Radicals must be feeling unhappy. It is awkward, all the same, to be allied to Chiappe and the Croix de Feu, and to people publicly demanding the dissolution of not only the Communist Party but even of the C.G.T. "If you want our votes, you've got to do as we tell you," one speaker of the Right said to the Government. The alliance can hardly last very long. The next few days may show whether there is room for a new kind of Government, a Government of "law and order," but also a Government of conciliation—that is, one which would not rule against the working class—which is what the present Government is certainly being encouraged by the Right to do. M. Daladier can be an excellent War Minister, but he is no longer in a position to be Premier of a National Conciliation Government. Is there anybody else for this role? Perhaps there is. There is more and more talk about *le gros*—even though he did not smile as sweetly at Ribbentrop as did M. Flandin. It is a great question whether such a Government of Conciliation can come into being, or whether France is to go on slipping down the slope of Reaction—Reaction, with a good deal of "fabio-Fascism" thrown in. We shall see.

Paris, Tuesday. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

I FELT positively sorry for Mr. Chamberlain on Tuesday night. The Germans just won't play. Lord Baldwin mildly objects to the persecution of the Jews. He is called a gutter-snipe by the Nazi press which regards a much milder phrase about the Führer as a proof that we are a nation run by Jews and Communists, and thirsting for war. Mr. Chamberlain expresses regret that Lord Baldwin's remarks are made the subject of vituperation in Germany, whereupon the German Ambassador and the German press withdraw from the dinner. In the old days (which I do not regret), such an action would have been regarded as a first-class insult. To-day we can view it more dispassionately and ask this very interesting question. How far is this preposterous attitude deliberate policy and how far have the Nazis really deluded themselves into thinking that a mild rebuke from us is wicked war-mongering, while a deliberate barrage of attack organised throughout the press by Dr. Goebbels is something which we ought not in any way to resent? This has always been Nazi tactics. In the days before Hitler reached power fifteen Nazis could beat up one political opponent as a moral duty, while if the head of a single Nazi was bruised they screamed with rage about Bolshevik and Jewish murderers. Just as Hitler says in *Mein Kampf* that you should always tell big lies because the bourgeoisie which tells small lies will see through them, but will not believe it possible that you should

be capable of exactly reversing the truth, so in other matters he has found it good propaganda to be as violent as he pleases and to declare that it is an outrage if any opponent defends himself, however mildly. I wish some psychologist or pacifist would tell me the right reply to tactics of this kind.

* * *

After writing this I have been informed that Mr. Chamberlain's reference to the persecution of the Jews was only the excuse, not the real reason for the German withdrawal from the Foreign Press Dinner. The order for withdrawal apparently came direct from the Führer. He considered himself personally insulted by Mr. Chamberlain's remark that "history teaches us that no form of government ever remains the same." This philosophic reference to the mutability of all human affairs and institutions, including by inference Nazi institutions, was thought to contradict Hitler's famous statement that the Nazi system was firmly established for at least 1,000 years. Really, Hitler is a very touchy man.

* * *

The recent change in our habits of thinking was curiously illustrated at Foyle's Luncheon on the press on Wednesday. Wickham Steed did not go down very well; he made the tactical error of making his references to the press incidental to his attack on Chamberlain, instead of the other way round. Dingle Foot talked good sense about Official Secrets, and Hannen Swaffer made a bold and eloquent speech about the press proprietors' habit of muzzling themselves. Beverley Baxter in the Chair had suggested that the press made a mistake in not presenting the citizen with a cheerful prospect at the breakfast table. Hannen Swaffer retorted with a reminder of how little the press says about the miseries of our black areas; as for the rest, he added that if we wanted good news about the world, we had got to make the news good. This was much too radical for the audience. At one point a reference to Madrid and the International Brigade made me clap. A military-looking gentleman at a table near turned round and glared at me with such ferocity that I tried to hide behind Lady Rhondda. Peeping out, I found that he was looking up my name on the list. The speech that this gentleman and many others most approved was by Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke, who denounced the press for atrocity-mongering about Germany before the last war and again to-day and suggested that the Nazis had never had a fair deal in this country. How odd it is to hear all this analysis of the dangers of press misrepresentation, which no one would listen to while democratic Germany asked for justice, now dished up in the interests of aggressive Fascism! The simple truth is that so far from atrocity-mongering in this instance the press has consistently toned down the realities of Nazi Germany; the Right Wing, because it wants at all costs to be friends, and the Liberal and Labour press because it goes so much against the grain with them to say anything that might seem to exacerbate relations. When I have been completely sure from time to time I have written things about concentration camps and the treatment of minorities in Germany. I have now in my possession another authentic account of the inside of Dachau, but I have so far kept it back, as every other paper does, because people will hardly believe it, and because one does not want to get the reputation for retailing atrocities. I wonder, if the U.S.S.R. can again be represented as an enemy, whether Mr. Croft-Cooke will talk in the same strain and with the same applause?

* * *

I hope in the New Year that this journal will be able to supply in pamphlet form a detailed and reliable answer to many queries about what really happened at Munich. The story cannot, of course, be complete, but we can sort out rumour from established fact and give an objective picture. In the meantime the best documentation on the subject is entitled *Britain's Share in the Destruction of Czechoslovakia*, issued at 4*d*. by the Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1. At a meeting organised by this Society last week I heard a very remarkable statement by a Mrs. Kay, a business woman who has lived in Czechoslovakia for 20 years. She described how in June she visited a big shop in the Sudeten area and inquired the price of umbrellas. She knew that the manufacturing cost was about 80 kronen and the usual retail cost about 120 kronen. She was offered the umbrellas at 60 kronen. She asked how this could be done, and the salesman explained that they had recently bought the umbrellas on credit from the Czechs after being promised from Germany that all their debts to Czechoslovakia would be wiped out on September 30th. She gave another instance of a small restaurant which has been rebuilt and magnificently furnished. The proprietor told her confidentially that he had been able to do this on credit from Czech banks knowing that he would never have to repay the loan, because Hitler would be in the Sudeten areas by the end of September. These were only two instances she gave of the assurance, in the Sudeten areas, as early as June that German occupation before October would wipe out all moral and legal debts to the Czechs.

* * *

I heard yesterday of a promising plan for helping refugees which has been started in Stoke-on-Trent. A number of groups are being formed consisting of 20 people who agree to subscribe a shilling a week. Thus each group makes itself responsible for one refugee, and it is possible for people of very moderate means to take an active part in relief work. The organiser hopes to build up a chain of these groups right through the Potteries and tells me that the idea is catching on. Unfortunately the Home Office regulations scarcely seem designed to encourage such co-operative schemes, since they demand that one person shall undertake complete personal responsibility for the cost of transit from Germany and for the maintenance of any refugee in this country. I was shown the document which has to be signed; it certainly would deter anyone but the fervent enthusiast, and I gather that the Home Office reserves the right to refuse consent if the person who signs it is thought to have insufficient means. However it seems possible to square the group scheme with the regulations by securing one person of substance to sign the form for each group. It is because individuals have to promise to provide for refugees *as long as they are in this country* that the response to the appeal for helping the German refugees from the Sudeten area has been slow. Arrangements have so far been made for providing for about 1,000 refugees from Czechoslovakia; there are still 5,000 who need homes, and though emigration schemes are afoot, offers of hospitality in the meantime are wanted lest the Germans begin to press for their extradition across the mythical Czech frontier.

* * *

I wish I had the time to go up to Perth this week, for it must be a remarkable election. The Duke, organising the rebellion by telephone from his sick-bed remains an unrepentant Unionist, but receives progressive support from all over the world for the Red Duchess, while the Labour Party advises its supporters to take no part in the election. If I went to Perth, however, my first excursion would be to Coupar Angus where the Rev. A. W. Groundwater has his ministry. This remarkable gentleman, after writing a glowing tribute to the Duchess in the local press, suddenly decided to stand as an independent Labour candidate. There were mysterious stories about a handsome blonde who drove him in a large limousine to a secret rendezvous, and rumours that two ex-Labour Peers had telephoned their support. But not even the *Daily Worker* could elucidate the truth. Anyway the Rev. A. W. Groundwater was not nominated, to the disappointment of his wife and little daughter (aged 15) who (he stated) would have been his election agent or at any rate his personal secretary. Of more serious significance is the retirement of the Liberal candidate. This leaves the Duchess opposed only by an inexperienced but wholehearted supporter of Mr. Chamberlain. The Duchess of course has always been a high Tory, but she has been converted on the Spanish issue and since that is the most important of all issues now, I expect most Labour Party members really desire her election, in spite of Mr. Bevin's renewed

warning that he will withdraw his Union's support if the Party shows any indication to flirt with a popular front. That this threat comes from the salaried secretary and not from the Executive indicates a defect in the much-vaunted democracy of the Trade Union movement. That the National Executive has not answered it in the manner it deserves shows a still more serious defect on the political side.

* * *

There must be more people than usual this year who want to send greetings to their friends and who yet feel that they cannot bear the usual pictures of holly and robins and the texts about a Merry Christmas and all the rest of it. Some of them may like the political Christmas cards now obtainable, I'm told, at all "Left" bookshops. Some of them deal cheerfully with Soviet Russia, others give animated, if somewhat crude pictures of the past fights of the British working class and, more to my taste at Christmas, two or them are adorned with poems by C. Day Lewis. Here is the first verse:

Oh, hush thee, my baby,
Thy cradle's in pawn
No blankets to cover thee
Cold and forlorn.
The stars in the bright sky
Look down and are dumb
At the heir of the ages
Asleep in a slum.

The second is better. It begins:

Come, live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of peace and plenty, bed and board,
That chance employment may afford.

* * *

In 1935 the Globe-Mermaid Association was formed with the object of rebuilding on the Bankside, Southwark, the Globe Theatre and the Mermaid Tavern. An excellent idea in itself. I have now received an appeal for subscriptions, signed, among others, by the Marquess of Lothian and General Smuts. With the appeal came a "brochure" which I first took for an elaborate and expensive joke, but which I am told is seriously meant. The Tavern is apparently to be an exact reconstruction of a modern English public-house in the worst pseudo-Elizabethan style. "The attendants," says the blurb, "will be dressed in the fashion of the period, and Elizabethan fare will be available for visitors who want it." No doubt it will be served in the room marked on the plan as the Tea Lounge. I gather, however, that the lavatory accommodation will not be strictly Shakespearian. There may be some defence for the "Mermaid," but there is none for the new Globe which Mr. Kenneth Cross has designed, and of which a drawing in colour is reproduced. The structure of a Shakespearian theatre is perfectly suited to the modern style of functional architecture, but Mr. Cross has decided on an olde-worlde building with a thatched roof, genuine black and white timbering and a red-tiled porchway. How the Globe-Mermaid plan will fit in with the other buildings on the Bankside is not stated. I hope that Mr. Cross's pictures do not do him justice, but, if they are anything like the buildings he proposes to erect, I can only suggest that, as soon as they are finished, they should be sold to an American collector of antiques and shipped across the Atlantic for re-erection alongside the Pantheon in Nashville, Tennessee. The profits might serve to finance the building of a decent theatre.

* * *

The other day I received a letter which contained nothing except a used envelope with an Indian stamp. Except for the fact that it had the crest of the Royal Berkshires embossed on the flap and was made of very poor quality paper, I could see nothing remarkable about it. Then I opened it, and there, on the inside of the flap I found in nice clear lettering the inscription "Made in Germany."

* * *

XMAS *IS* CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

Goodwill, good cheer and good weather—the three essentials of a truly happy Christmas—await you in Germany.—Advt. in *Observer*.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to P. P.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The film *Free Thaelmann*, made by Montagu and Brunel some three or four years ago, was rejected by the Board, first under the clause forbidding the depiction of the lives of well-known criminals and then, on the makers' replying that Thaelmann had been in gaol for three years without trial, as likely to wound the susceptibilities of a friendly nation; for, said the Board, such a thing could not happen in a civilised country.—*Manchester Guardian.*

GOD'S OWN GENTLEWOMEN

Miss Thora Silverthorne, Secretary of the Association of Nurses, tells the following story:

A matron of one of our leading London hospitals was horrified the other day to discover that several nurses under her charge either had joined the union or were thinking of doing so. So she called her staff together and addressed them.

"You are," she told them, "God's own little gentlewomen. And as such you will have nothing whatsoever to do with such horrible ideas as joining a trade union."—*Daily Worker.*

It is a curious fact that the hunting-field can show more individuals who have done or are doing something definitely worth-while than are to be found in any other community gathered together for purposes of relaxation. A hunting holiday is the finest Winter Sport of all. It need not be the most expensive.—Consult Captain Meredith, The Hunting Box, Helidon, Northants. (Byfield 20.)

In Hoxton now, poverty, sickness, bare cupboards, and empty grates, but we are looking forward to Christmas. Do please help me to make Christmas Day a little brighter than any other day in the year for my innumerable poor folk, including many who are old and friendless and to give a treat to the children.—Cecil Vincent, Vicar, Holy Trinity, Hoxton, N.1.—Adverts. in the *Times*.

We are told—the noble Lord, Lord Newton, said it with very great strength—that you will not get anybody to fight except for their own interests. Of course not, but their interest is peace. Peace is the greatest interest we have, and we have sought it for decades, if not for centuries. It is far more important for us that peace should be preserved than that we should maintain every yard or every inch of our territory or even every pound of our trade. The thing that matters is peace, and that is the only thing worth fighting for.—Viscount Cecil of Chelwood in House of Lords official report.

MARRYING HEALTH TO AGRICULTURE

"WHY should we bother about agriculture at all?" a friend who is an economist is fond of saying to me. "We already appear to produce more milk than we can drink, you are always telling me that there is a glut of vegetables, and Denmark and Holland could send us more eggs, just as good as our own, even if we let home supplies decrease. From the point of view of defence, it would be easier to store non-perishable things, ration other commodities and import the less bulky finished product. I am not attracted by the idea of paying huge subsidies to create rural reservoirs of cannon fodder or policemen, and on your own showing rural housing makes many villages far less healthy places then the towns. All this blood-and-soil talk about the mystical value of contact with Mother Earth leaves me entirely cold. We are an industrial nation, and it's no good trying to turn us into anything else."

Up to a point, he says this with his tongue in his cheek. He knows as well as anyone that the day may be coming, if it has not arrived already, when export trade merely for the sake of trade will be curtailed and that the prospect of having to purchase from abroad substantially more of the £250 million of food we now produce at home is not one to improve the slumbers of future Chancellors of the Exchequer. Nor would my friend be as contented as he pretends to see the remnants of our rural civilisation finally uprooted and 85 per cent. of the land surface of our country turned into a howling wilderness. But the main thread of his argument that proposes that we

should only bother about the production of such commodities as milk, fruit, vegetables and eggs is a plausible and an attractive one. It is one of the conclusions of a first-class report on agriculture, recently published, on which acknowledged experts have spent four years of work[1]. But is there such an easy escape from the real problems of a national agricultural policy?

Little fault could be found with a policy that gave the benefit of any doubt to the production of those foods that are the most important from a health point of view and which we are exceptionally well fitted to produce. It would obviously be more sensible, for instance, for the State to spend money on subsidising our shockingly low consumption of fresh milk rather than on subsidising cheese and butter to compete with and annoy the Dominion farmers. But that is a very different thing from refusing to consider the claims of any other commodities. Such an approach could not be called a policy for agriculture. It would be a policy that banked on an increased export trade, a policy devised entirely in the interests of industrialists and urban consumers (provided that its disastrous effects upon agriculture did not throw the whole economic machine out of gear). There is only one approach to agriculture if agriculture is our concern, and that is: What is the right way to farm the land? If we try to misuse the land by regarding it merely as a medium for using up surplus labour or for producing certain commodities simply because it is sociologically desirable that we should do so, we shall run into trouble. There is abundant evidence of this already. The unbalancing effect of a protected market for milk compared with a less remunerative market for beef has caused milk to be produced on all sorts of farms that ought not to be producing it at all, farms, for instance, that are cold and wet in winter, suitable for beef, but expensive for producing milk. It might be thought that the running of dairy cattle fed on imported rations on permanent grassland would build up fertility in that land. I can only say that the general experience seems to be that it does not, and more than one dairy farmer with no arable land has confessed to me that he knows his farm is now in a lower condition than when he began dairy farming on it. Similarly we know only too well that the intensification of poultry keeping, in place of the old method of letting hens range over a farm and fit into their right place in its economy, has led to an intensification of disease through such unnatural practices. Even our strawberry crop is showing the ravages caused by "commodity farming," and I am afraid that the new practice of concentrating hundreds of breeding sows upon comparatively few acres will lead to the same sort of trouble. Professor Stapledon has clearly shown that the majority of our land now in permanent grass would be immensely more productive if it were ploughed up every now and again, a series of arable crops taken, and then grassed down again. Denmark, the home of livestock and production of the "protective" foods, the country so often held up to our farmers as an example, has 40 per cent. of her land in cereals, 16 per cent. in roots and under 17 per cent. in permanent grass. We have only 16 per cent. of our land in cereals, 4 per cent. in roots and 44 per cent. in permanent grass. If we stand by and do nothing at times when corn production in this country can only be undertaken at a loss, we are acquiescing in the penalisation of good farming.

A policy that would be sound from an agricultural point of view is one that preserves a balance. It is as bad to encourage excessive wheat-growing on a farm as to make the proper use of the plough impossible. Corn, pigs, poultry and beef all have their proper place in a balanced farming, and if they are banished from their place or allowed to usurp too important a position in the general structure of a given farm, the day comes in the long run when the land hits back against such improper treatment, and hits back hard. This could not be more clearly explained than in a single paragraph in the Astor-Rowntree Report, which is a mine of carefully checked information and which, even if one disagrees with some of its conclusions, is a magnificent contribution to the agricultural problem. On page 73 it says:

> It is almost true to say that in British agriculture nothing is ever done for its own sake alone: we grow roots in order to clean the land for corn; we grow corn in order to get straw to make manure to grow roots; we feed cattle in order to use the straw and roots and in order to get manure. Few operations, with the possible exception of grassland milk production, are performed in isolation, and we cannot interfere with one crop without affecting the fortunes of others.

But it would be wrong to conclude that, just because farming is an exceedingly complicated set of interlocking operations which our forefathers managed considerably better than ourselves, there is nothing to be done except wait for the conditions of fifty years ago to return or try artificially to re-create them. There is no reason why we should not adjust ourselves better to modern conditions, so that, even if farming must be temporarily subsidised in this country on account of (1) our higher standard of living than some agricultural exporting countries and (2) the exploitation of the soil in the new lands abroad, we may cheapen production costs and find new ways of organising farm production without misusing the land. This is one of the most urgent problems that confronts agricultural research to-day, and is probably the one on which least effort is being expended. This has been stressed in another valuable report that has just been published[2]. The Report shows the need for the creation of more husbandry institutes, dealing with everything relating to a particular crop or product rather than with a particular branch or science; the need for more experiments in farming, especially those carried out on parts of farms lent by farmers for the purpose, as is done so widely in Denmark; and the provision of a proper publicity service for getting these results to farmers. We are spending about £700,000 a year on agricultural research (to which farmers contribute less than 5 per cent.), but only the thinnest trickle of knowledge is filtering through to the man on the farm. He may be partly to blame, and he would probably be far more interested if he felt that it was his money that was being used; but it is also true that many of the results of scientific investigations are wrapped up in a jargon unintelligible to the ordinary man and seem often remote from the day-to-day problems that confront him.

In the light of our present knowledge, we know that corn is necessary to good farming somewhere in a rotation on a very large proportion of our land. It is needed for thatching, bedding and feeding as well as to keep the land healthy. But it may be that we could do with less corn and more beans or peas or green forage crops, and in some places abroad they are getting 100 tons of roots to the acre compared with our fifty, thus making roots a more attractive crop. We might be able to make adjustments in such directions But can we make our grassland fully productive for dairying without buying in more beef cattle in early summer to eat the greater flush of grass? Can a man make full use of his land for dairying or beef raising without bringing up his returns and net income by keeping sheep, pigs and poultry as well? And what about this problem of farmyard manure, in which beef cattle play such an important part, especially with the fading out of the farm horse? If corn, sheep, pigs and beef cattle contribute to the economy of dairy farming, we can only add to the cost of milk production by cutting them out or by leaving them totally exposed to any unfavourable farming trade wind that may blow. Even with market gardening, it may well be that the man who is equipped with large-scale cultivating machinery for other crops and supplies of animal manure is better suited for market gardening than the horticultural specialist. Satisfactory answers to such questions must be found before concentration on the production of the "protective" foods can be made a national agricultural policy.

But there is another line of research that is as badly needed, a line which farmers in this country, if they are wise, will grudge no money to support. That is, investigations into the

[1] *British Agriculture.* Report of an Enquiry organised by Viscount Astor and E. Seebohm Rowntree. Longmans. 15s.

[2] Report on Agricultural Research in Great Britain. P.E.P. 16 Queen Anne's Gate. 8s. 6d.

nutritive quality of what we produce. "Every year," the head of the research department of a big firm of chemists told me last month, "we are producing more medicines to provide people with what they ought to obtain naturally in their food, but to an increasing extent are failing to do. They may be eating more food, but they certainly are obtaining fewer of the vital ingredients for good health with it. For this I blame bad farming, the excessive use of artificial manures, and the strain we are imposing upon our flocks and herds by pushing such things as milk and egg production beyond Nature's safety limit." In America the consumer's revolt against such worthless food has begun and a start has been made in selling food on its vitamin and iodine content. In Lancashire a big egg buyer has refused to buy any more battery-produced eggs because he was having so many complaints that the eggs had no "guts" or flavour in them. Here, surely, is the chance for British farmers to produce fresh food of guaranteed value and advertise it on selling points that none could challenge. We may very likely discover that good food can only be produced by good farming, and unless it is made possible for farmers to farm well with a balanced, rotational system of husbandry to keep both land and stock fertile and healthy, those who rightly stress the nutritional aspect of food production in this country would be defeating their purpose by too much insistence on the production of certain commodities, as well as making profitable farming impossible.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

NATURE'S NOISES

IT has always been a puzzle why Nature should have endowed so many of the animals with unattractive voices. Outside the human family and the family of the birds there is scarcely an animal whose voice gives us pleasure as a thing of beauty in itself. Even among the domestic animals dearest to us there is not a single musician. If a neighbour's dog barks continuously during the night, the most enthusiastic dog-lover begins to wish that the species had been born dumb. As for a dog's howling on a moonlight night, it is so hideous that generations of men have regarded it as an omen of disaster. Yet, unmusical as is the voice of the dog, it gives many human beings pleasure to hear it in a variety of circumstances. We are flattered if we are greeted by a barking, bounding dog we know, and you will see men standing on the seashore with a rapturous expression on their faces as a dog barks deafeningly round their knees, waiting for a stick to be thrown into the water. Their pleasure, however, is not pleasure in music but pleasure in a sound that they associate with happiness and affection. It is what the dog says, not the way in which he says it, that fills them with delight.

There is little more to be said for the noises made by the cat. The purr, it is true, has something of the rhythmical quality of the nightjar's song, and the gentler kind of mew is pleasant enough. But when a cat goes out at night to pour forth his soul in music, who but a cat could think it beautiful? It is evidence of the warmth of the human heart that, even with a voice so intolerable, the cat remains one of man's favourite animals. Consider, again, the charming animals of the farmyard, and ask yourself if there is a single one of them which you would keep for the sake of its voice as many people keep a canary. I confess I like hearing the whinnying of a horse, but that is because I like horses, not because I think the sound beautiful. I like all farm noises, indeed—the lowing of cows, the baaing of sheep, the grunting of pigs, the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, the gaggling of geese, the gobbling of turkey-cocks—but that is merely because I associate them with the pleasures of holidays spent during childhood among aunts, uncles, and cousins on a farm and with animals at which I once stared in an ecstasy of wonder. As for music, however, there is not as much music in all the animals of the farmyard put together as in a single hedge-sparrow.

An interesting book that has just come out (*Animal Language*, by Julian Huxley and Ludwig Koch. Country Life. 21s.) makes it clear that Nature has been as miserly in her distribution of music among the wild as among the domestic animals. Here we have an account of the noises made by animals, from the catfish to the Bactrian camel, from the mackerel to the elephant, and scarcely one of them, if even one of them, could be called agreeable. There are many magnificent photographs, showing off the grotesque beauty of some of the animals, and Professor Huxley's description of the primitive language they speak—if they can be said to speak—is excitingly enjoyable. But the two gramophone records which accompany the book and which reproduce the noises made by a number of animals in the Zoo at Regent's Park and at Whipsnade, suggest that Nature when she becomes vocal is more cacophonous than the sirens invented by man to give warning of an air-raid or to announce still more blood-curdlingly that the raid is over. Possibly, if Herr Koch had made records of the screaming of men and women at a successful cocktail party, the result would have been equally distressing to the ear, but then men and women at a cocktail party are not normal. Many human beings, taken individually, have beautiful voices. Can the same thing be said of hyenas or rhinoceroses?

Professor Huxley's object, however, in describing the language of animals is not aesthetic, but scientific. He is concerned with the nature and meaning of their noises, not with their musical appeal. Even when he is writing about the songs of birds, he thinks chiefly of their biological purpose as calls in the mating season and challenges to territorial rivals. Not that he contends that birds are conscious of Nature's purpose in making them sing. He agrees that the bird as an individual may sing simply because it is happy, but he insists that, "from another angle, it sings because song has a biological use, a use of which the singer is doubtlessly wholly unaware." Thus, among migratory birds in England, "the cocks arrive before the hens and the most brilliant song is given before there are any mates to hear it"—a fact which seems to prove that in this instance song is a claim to territorial rights over the area which the bird has marked for its own and a threat of war to possible invaders. How strange of Nature to make the birds sing their best in songs of war and not in songs of love, and what an example to set to impressionable human beings! Or will human beings as the crown of creation regard this rather as a challenge to raise themselves above the level of the beasts that perish, who are never so happy as when shouting threats of war across their territorial borders?

Even fish, it appears, make peculiar militant noises. You would not suspect the cod and the haddock of Fascist tendencies, yet they, with the John Dory and the squeteague produce bullying noises by vibrating the gas-bladder. "The Maigre, a Mediterranean fish, related to the squeteague, which may attain a length of six feet, has an astonishing range of sounds for a fish, as it can bellow, purr, buzz and whistle. Shoals sixty feet down have been heard well above the surface." Professor Huxley tells us that "it has been suggested that this species is the origin of the legend of the Sirens." What songs the Sirens sang! How ridiculous a hero Ulysses seems in the precautions he took against succumbing to the charms of the noisy relations of the squeteague!

Professor Huxley, however, does not exaggerate the minatory nature of the noises made by animals. He emphasises equally the uses of "language" as a mating call and as a means of keeping the pack or flock or shoal together. As regards the last, he tells us that the "call-note will tend to be louder and more frequent in gregarious than in solitary birds, since it is biologically important for members of a flock to keep together. We think at once of rooks and jackdaws and alpine choughs." Animals that go about in packs in forests also have unusually loud voices, such as the gibbon and the South American howler monkey. The howler monkey, indeed, "has the strongest voice, for its size, of any mammal. The sound carries up to two or three miles in open country and two miles in dense forest." As for the gibbon, the gibbons at the Zoo

have been heard in the early morning hours as far away as Oxford Circus.

One of the animal noises to which Professor Huxley finds it most difficult to "assign an exact meaning" is the roaring of a lion—a roar that Livingstone could not distinguish from the roar of an ostrich "except by the fact that lions roar by night and ostriches by day." "The general view," he declares, "seems to be that it is a challenge to other lions, but some sportsmen think that it serves to unsettle the game and set them moving, when they can be more easily detected by the lion."

Thus there is a reason for everything, except, so far as I can see, for the unmusical voices with which Nature has provided most of her creatures. Or may it be that our notions of music are too narrow, and that the female crocodile perceives a beauty in the purring roar of her mate, to which only our prejudices make us deaf? With the expansion of musical understanding, the grunt of the brindled gnu may yet be recognised as a thing of beauty and the shrill whistling notes of Hartmann's mountain zebra be listened to with as much rapture as a song of Mozart. Modern music ought surely, among its varied noises, to find room for the high double call of the white-collared mangabey and the scream of the Guinea baboon. The fact remains that to those of us who were born too soon the noises made by most animals sound unbeautiful. I must at the same time admit that Professor Huxley and Herr Koch have made them extraordinarily interesting and, by their appeal to our curiosity, even enjoyable.

Y. Y.

UNOFFICIAL CENSORSHIP

THE speech of the Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, in the House of Commons on the 7th of this month was a remarkable and a serious one. He professed to repudiate categorically the suggestion that the Government exercises any kind of censorship over the Press or the Cinema; but what he said can only be interpreted as an admission that censorship is being operated, and as a defence of that course.

Let us be clear about the nature of the problem. Any Government could save itself a great deal of time and trouble if it could eliminate criticism, well or ill-informed, from the press, the films, or Parliament; but it is still an almost unanimously accepted part of our theory of government that such criticism is vital both to the maintenance of political democracy and to efficiency in administration. In proportion as a Government subscribes honestly to that theory, and does not seek to stifle criticism, even temporarily, in order to carry out policies or arrives at decisions which it fears that free criticism would prevent, it is a good Government, and is more likely to govern efficiently, to govern in harmony with the general will, and to keep truly in contact with pubic opinion. In proportion as a Government seeks to depart from that theory, to suppress criticism whilst it puts through some *crime accompli*, releasing the facts when it is too late to criticise, that Government is a bad one, likely to govern ill, to do things which the public will not tolerate, and in the end to resort to purely Fascist methods.

The actual examination of any particular case is of course complicated by two factors: the first is that it is extremely difficult for any third party to ascertain the precise facts of any communications between Ministers and the Press, so that the former can shelter behind virtuous repudiation of "innuendoes" and "whispering campaigns," nobly denying, like the Southern negro, the theft of ducks when their consciences are heavy with chicken; Sir Samuel's indignation at "innuendoes" reminded the listener of the burglar's indignation at being convicted on circumstantial evidence. The second factor is that obviously some degree of contact between Ministers and journalists (although not between Ministers and newspaper proprietors) is not only not objectionable in itself but is essential to the proper conduct of the business of government. The problem facing the suspicious democrat is thus, every time, "Did the Minister, when talking to . . ., in a conversation of which neither of them will tell me, merely honestly inform, or discuss, or suggest; or did he go further and coax; or did he go Fascist and bully, or threaten, or whitemail, or conspire?"

Fortunately, the Home Secretary has now made it quite clear where he stands; and if he has not made clear all that he did, he has told us quite enough to be going on with.

The speech contained plenty of virtuous, almost spinsterish, denial, in addition to confession. Let us start with the denials, as reported in Hansard:

> There never has been any justification for any suggestion that the Government are exercising a censorship either upon the Press or upon the films. There has never been any justification for the suggestion that we wish to suppress the expression of opinion that does not support the Government's view . . .
>
> There is no justification whatever for the charge that anything in the nature of a censorship, direct or indirect, was exercised during the crisis, or that any member of the Government put undue pressure upon any section of the Press at all.

Nothing could, at first glance, be clearer or more sweeping. But let us next examine the Home Secretary's own version, in the same speech, of what he did by way of censorship. It is perhaps enough to take as an example the incident of the "Paramount" film. This film, showing ordinary scenes from Czechoslovakian life, was accompanied by short speeches by Mr. Wickham Steed and Mr. A. J. Cummings, in which they made perfectly proper criticisms of the Government's actions. The film was issued on September 21st, and on the following day British Paramount News telegraphed to all its theatres: "Please delete Wickham Steed and A. J. Cummings' speeches from to-day's Paramount News. We have been officially requested to do so." Soon after, they denied that they had been thus "officially requested," and said that they had acted on their own initiative; but Sir J. Simon and the Prime Minister in the House of Commons later admitted that the Government had asked the American Ambassador to intervene and secure the deletion of the speeches, because they thought that they "might have a prejudicial effect upon the negotiations" at Godesberg.

Now, how did the Home Secretary harmonise this with his denial of any censorship? He simply said, in roundabout phrases: "Censored, yes! And quite right too!" This is how he put it into words:

> It probably was the most critical day in the whole course of the crisis . . . If ever there was a day on which it was necessary to exercise caution and to say or do nothing that was likely to stir up dangerous reactions, it was the 22nd September . . The Foreign Secretary was definitely of the opinion that it was undesirable that those two speeches *should be heard* while the talks at Godesberg were actually in progress on that particular date. There was no *general kind of censorship* . . . while he did not wish to apply any pressure—and he did not apply any pressure—and there was no question of censorship, those speeches might compromise the chances of peace. . . . There was no censorship, there was no undue pressure.

(What is "due pressure"? Enough to achieve the Government's object of stopping publication? And "undue pressure"? More than enough, I suppose; and so it is never applied!)

This is confession with a vengeance. To judge from what happened, it was desirable enough that any film that praised the Government should be shown; but it was undesirable that the observations of informed critics "*should be heard*" in London whilst the Prime Minister was in Godesberg. And so it was stopped, not by "undue pressure" or by "any general kind of censorship"; just by telling them to stop. (Is the Home Secretary naïve, or does he think the country naïve? If neither, what led him to say, in the same speech: "It surprised me when Mr. Vernon Bartlett said that of all the criticisms against the Government, that which had carried the most weight at the Bridgwater by-election was the criticism that the Government were trying to suppress the expression of public opinion in this country. I rubbed my eyes and wondered what justification there was for a criticism of that kind."?)

After that, the Home Secretary's sturdy defence, in relation to the film of the Mutiny at Lucknow, of the policy of not referring to British history, hardly calls for treatment.

But the attitude and policy of the Government, as thus enunciated by the trusted confidant of the Prime Minister, are surely crystal clear. They have already set their feet, albeit gingerly, on the path of suppression, the wrong path, the path that has elsewhere led to Fascism. If there is something important which the Government want to do, and which public knowledge or criticism may stop, and may rightly stop, do not let the public know, but get it through, right or wrong, and let them talk afterwards. And let the question whether times are so critical that criticism of the Government should be suppressed be decided by the Government, just as fully as the policy itself, which some people may want to criticise before it is too late, is decided by the Government. And when we reach the stage—which perhaps we have already reached—where things are always critical, a sort of O.D.C.A.A. period, then the Government will, of course, owe itself a duty, without any " general censorship " or " undue pressure," to secure the prevention of criticism for 365 days a year.

D. N. PRITT

Miscellany

PARADISE LOST

THE audience at the performance of Mr. Clifford Odets' *Paradise Lost* last Sunday recalled the palmy days of the Stage Society. Thanks to Mr. W. S. Kennedy and others it has survived thin times. It was founded in 1899, and among the dramatists who owe their *first* performances on the English stage to the Society are Hauptmann, Somerset Maugham, Gorki, Granville Barker, Gogol, Tolstoy, Chehov, Turgeniev, Strindberg, Jacinto Benevente, Georg Kaiser, Pirandello, Toller, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Conrad, Munro, Jean Jacques Bernard, Giraudoux, Odets. What a magnificent record! And that list does not include dramatists such as Cocteau and Eugene O'Neill who made an early appearance under the auspices of the Stage Society. The debt English culture owes to it is enormous; it has been for forty years our main channel of communication with foreign drama.

Paradise Lost, by the way, which portrays the family life of a manager of a big store in New York during the slump, is certainly quite as " foreign " in atmosphere as any Chehovian country house. It was some time before we could take our bearings. Anybody apparently could rush into Mr. and Mrs. Gordon's home at any hour of the day, jaw and rampage, and depart without a nod—often keeping their hats on in Mrs. Gordon's sitting room. Judging from American plays and films (though I must say this was not borne out by my personal experience in America), the virile American, whether taxi-driver, political agent, or photographer, feels that to remove his hat indoors would be to doff his manhood. Even, after becoming a little more acclimatised to a home atmosphere which it was hard to believe could have ever been that of " Paradise " there still remained questions to settle. Who *was* the little flibbertigibbet old man who tuned the piano and mended the wireless? Gus Michaels (an important part admirably sustained by Mr George Benson) was apparently on terms of long familiarity with the family. Again, who *was* the trenchant, hundred per cent. American mechanic in blue overalls, who seemed to have plenty of leisure to harangue the family? After a time it dawned on us that they were both victims of the slump to whom the Gordons, with a kindness incredible in any other country than America, had given shelter and friendship in return for small services. What inevitably struck an English audience as foreign was the complete lack of privacy in the home of these well-to-do people. The Gordon family might have been living at a railway station for all the privacy they enjoyed. Mr. Gordon's hysterical partner, Mr. Katze, whose white-faced virulent agitation was excellently acted by Mr. Alan Wheatly, stormed in and out, followed by his pale and panting wife, as though he lived in the same apartment. Agents of the Democratic party (with hats on) hammered on Mr. Gordon's table and threatened and cajoled him without let or hindrance, while a young taxidriver, whose ominously cool demeanour betokened the gangster to be, loafed in, with his hat pulled over his eyes, apparently whenever he chose. (He was a friend of the eldest son.) On one occasion he shoved his hand in the face of Ben Gordon's bride and pushed her down. Ben had married the daughter of " Gus," who was a great deal worse than she should be, and Ben himself was one of those awful, sunny, clean-built athletes whom American criticism usually and unpardonably spares. There is a boyhood friendship between him and the taxi-gangster, Kewpie, and after Ben's marriage the former keeps Ben's wife, and persuades Ben to take part in a hold-up in which he is riddled with bullets (off stage). In the last act, after the Gordon family have been sold up, Kewpie exhibits that deep feeling to which (it is well known) the gangster-heart is so susceptible. Expressing the wish that someone would knock his brains out, he departs offering Ben's father a ten-dollar note. Mr. Gordon tries to hand it on to a starving workman—in vain.

I revel in American cynicism, but I cannot stand the directions taken by American sentiment; this belief, for example, that adroit brutality betokens a manhood capable of the deepest loyalty and regrets. The only convincing gangster I have seen on the stage was " Tony " in *On the Spot*, whose vein of rancid sentiment was compatible with extreme callousness and treachery.

When the curtain goes up the slump is in full swing; sixteen million are out of work and bodies of starved men are often found by the roadside. (Lucas Pike, the furnace man, whom the Gordons have befriended is worth hearing on that, and his opinions are delivered with moving vigour by Mr. Alexander Sarner.) The Gordons help as much as they can and for as long as they are able. Leo Gordon is a mild, high-minded man played with duly depressed dignity by Mr. Howlett. During the two and a half years occupied by the incidents of this play, the first son's idiotic marriage has gone the way I have indicated; the second son, a victim of sleeping-sickness, has dwindled from dreaming of stock-exchange coups to paralytic idiocy, the daughter to playing endlessly and hopelessly her piano; while the firm of Gordon and Katze is gradually brought to complete ruin. Whether this was chiefly due to trade conditions, or to the high-minded Gordon having insisted on paying his employees properly, or to Katze's embezzlements, that ruin is complete. At the last moment Katze tries to redeem the situation by introducing to his partner a professional fire-organiser (Mr. Steele invested this part with a sordid aplomb which deserved high praise), and when Gordon, yielding to his only violent outburst, sends the man about his business all is up. The last Act takes place in the now dusty, empty, dirty living room, all the furniture having been moved on to the side-way by order of the sheriff, and left there to the terror of the representatives of the " Prosperity Movement." The curtain falls on a speech from Gordon which is meant to drive home the theme. This speech is a bit of feeble optimism. Now, Gordon says, he and his family and people like them will be able to begin the true life and hasten on the days when all men will co-operate and love each other like brothers. The implication is that he has escaped from the prison of the middle-class where he was useless and miserable. It rings false like something tacked on to the story.

Mr. Odets' theme is " the decay of the middle class." He is as we all know an expert and powerful dramatist but he is weak in intellectual analysis. He has simply dramatised the ruin of a middle-class family and largely through ill-luck. The eldest son was a bright beaming ass; the second a sick man; but Leo Gordon himself did not degenerate nor did his wife. Mr. Harold Clurman, the director of the Group Theatre, New York, claims that this is a " poetic " play in which the characters have symbolic values. But they are much too

individual and naturalistic to be more than ordinary types. The dramatist asks us apparently to take the second son symbolically, who, while stricken with "sleeping sickness" (you see the double meaning), dreams over the stock market and prefers evening clothes in daylight. *That* does not get across. As for the daughter symbolising the individualist artist, she does not suggest anything of the kind. Katze, who can't control himself or be happy with his wife, is supposed to suggest the inability of Capitalism to reconcile its inner contradictions and its failure in spite of its energy!

Such associations do not enter one's head. Nor does Gus Michaels suggest "the suppressed poet, hankering after respectability." He is simply a pleasure-loving kind little bankrupt shopkeeper, real enough at that. This expectation on the part of the dramatist, and his interpreters, that we shall see depths in his vivid naturalistic sketches is wild. What is the use of calling, as Mr. Clurman does, Ben Gordon, "a child of baffled idealism which can no longer respect itself." I suppose the implication is that under Communism a nervous egotist like Katze would get on with his wife, an indefatigable pianist like Clara Gordon would be able to earn a living by her art (it would, as now, depend on how many young women of equal talent wanted to do the same), "Gus" would write poetry, etc., etc. Fortunately I was not aware at the time that such demands were being made on my credulity, and so I enjoyed *Paradise Lost* (with occasional moments of dissent) as a lively grim slice of life, excellently acted. One scene in Act II (perhaps the most effective passage in the whole play) interested me even more than the dramatist intended. Gordon, Pike and Gus are drinking brandy together and listening to the wireless. They begin, like Chehov characters, to speak out of themselves; it had poignancy. But while listening, not unmoved, and indeed while listening to the whole play with its wish-fulfilment flourish at the end, I had a feeling that what differentiated these helpless people from equally helpless Europeans was an inability to take defeat and sadness as things inherent in human experience. Deep in these people was an instinct to deny the reality of tragedy. Tragedy is to them only a dreadful mistake which could be avoided if—well, that condition is left to human ingenuity and goodwill to determine.

At the Torch Theatre, Knightsbridge, a thirteenth-century Chinese play, romantic and light, is to be seen. The translator is Mr. Hsiung, the author of *Lady Precious Stream*. *The Western Chamber* is much more worth seeing. It is not so much a play, as a novel in which the characters are taken by the actors. Before a dialogue begins each comes forward and explains who he or she is and what they are thinking about—tells us in short what the novelist tells us about them. It is a charming form, with effects peculiar to it. For adequate interpretation it requires a more carefully stylised technique than the players had at their command. Nevertheless Ying Ying (Miss Maisie Darrell), Hung Niang (Miss Joyce Redman) and the beautiful student Master Chang (Mr. Geoffry Edwards) conveyed not a little of the charm of this old form. Those who are in search of an entertainment modestly fresh will enjoy this performance, and those who are on the look-out for new methods may be very interested indeed in it. *The Western Chamber* may prove damned good to steal from.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

COUNTRY NOTES

November

FACTS so often disprove the theory that November is an unpleasant month that I begin to wonder whether the theory was ever well-founded, or whether our climate is actually changing. This year, apart from a few days of particularly savage gales, November has been as mild as spring, the thermometer sometimes nearly touching 70 in the shade. One notices such things in the country more closely than in cities, especially if one has a garden and consignments of shrubs and bulbs waiting to be planted in it. I understand that I share this innocent taste with some five million of my compatriots, and that between us we spend some forty million pounds annually on our gardens. It is satisfactory to think how obligingly the weather has behaved towards so large and extravagant a number of us.

Fashions in gardening change, not owing only to caprice or the prevailing taste but owing also to the increasing choice of plants placed upon the market. Take, for example, the many varieties of flowering trees now available, pyrus or prunus, I doubt whether the average amateur bothers to differentiate much between the ever-changing classifications. The main point is, that he can now secure them at reasonable prices, and plants them freely in his garden. Many of them are relatively new—the Japanese cherry itself made its appearance only at the end of last century in this country—and consequently few full-grown specimens are to be seen as yet except, say, at Kew or in the private gardens of certain pioneers. For most of us, they are still represented only by spindly little trees with the nurseryman's orange label still fluttering. It pleases me to reflect how superb the heads of blossom will be in fifteen or twenty years' time. Some villages even planted avenues to commemorate the Coronation; one can predict that the whole aspect of these villages will be changed when the trees have had time to grow, forcing the descendant of Herr Baedeker to add a note drawing attention to this remarkable feature in his Guide to England for 1950.

Wind-Monath

Apart from the pleasures of gardening, November has beauty of its own. The Saxons called it the wind-month, for then the fishermen drew up their boats and abandoned fishing till the spring; it was called the slaughter-month, too, when pigs and cattle were salted down for preservation throughout the winter. Scarcely affected by this precaution to-day, we still can think of it as the wind-month which brings the last leaf off the tree. It is not a bad test of a person, to discover whether he sees as much (perhaps more) beauty in the naked boughs as in the obvious loveliness in June. To his discerning eye the ploughed field will seem as noble as the corn, and infinitely more austere. If it is a bare month, it is also a busy one. Man is busy, with his eternal optimism preparing for next year; and the squirrels, too, are busy in their less longsighted way, preparing merely to get through the winter. I went out early one morning, so early that I wasn't expected by the small occupants of the orchard, and flung a squirrel into a rage and a couple of wood-pigeons into taking their blundering flight out of a pear-tree. I could not be sure whether the squirrel blamed the disturbance on the pigeons, or whether the pigeons blamed it on the squirrel, or whether they all blamed it on me. Anyhow, there I was, out in the orchard before I was expected, upsetting everybody at an hour when they thought they might have the orchard to themselves. The pigeons set off on their heavy clumsy flight, the squirrel rushed up his tree, chattering with anger. I followed him, and sighted his drey, untidily built of leaves, in the fork of an oak tree overhanging the moat. I could have shot him dead there and then, and indeed the law tells me to do so; he is a mischievous little beast, I know, but somehow when I saw him preparing his winter larder, even though I guessed it to be stocked chiefly with my own precious nuts, I could not have brought my finger to press the trigger. This was sheer sentimentality on my part, for both reason and the law assure me that the grey squirrel ought to be exterminated. Of course, I prefer the red squirrel, and liked once to see him leaping about our woodlands; I know also that the grey, an alien, is supposed to have ousted him, though this is a moot point; but somehow I cannot bring myself to shoot so nimble and pretty a little beast. The very rush he makes up the tree into safety, his chattering angry cry, compensate me for the loss of many nuts. That early hour in the orchard, when I surprised him and the wood-pigeons, meant more to me than many bushels, whether of cob or filbert. Such moments bring one into a closer communion with the secret life of

nature than any amount of reading in even the most sympathetic books.

Fox-hunting

Recently the local Hunt drew a covert neighbouring my own small estate. I heard the familiar shouts, and the deep note of the hounds, and went to the top of a tower to watch the whole procedure. From there I could observe the beauty and picturesqueness of that remarkably English scene, the pink coats moving among the brown underwood, the skewbald hounds ranging eagerly, the tossing heads of horses as the followers waited near a gate. If only they had been pursuing a drag, I thought, how happily I could have given myself up to enjoyment! They found their fox, however, when to my delight he had the sense to bolt straight into my own private wood where the hunt is forbidden to follow. A hunt-servant on a white horse galloped off to recover some couples of hounds, and I reflected, not without pleasure, on what my neighbours must be saying about me. Nothing would disturb that fox now, so long as he remained where he was, nothing worse than a big waggon lumbering down to bring in the cord-wood for my fires. He would not grudge me that. Meanwhile the discomfited field moved off, and I came down from the tower, leaving the wild bees that have lived up there for generations to their winter sleep. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

DON CARLOS

FIRST of all, let me say that this production is a triumph for Sadler's Wells. It is, on the whole, a magnificent performance, superior in every respect to that given at Covent Garden of this opera some years ago. The setting by Charles Reading is excellent and has the right sombre and austere character with the exception of one scene, the Garden of the Convent in Act I, which not only suggests Japan rather than Spain, but has the garishness of a bad modern Japanese drawing.

Don Carlos was commissioned for the Paris opera which at that time wanted works on the grand five-act scale made fashionable by Meyerbeer whose *Le Prophète* had, in 1849, followed his earlier *Les Hugenots*. Schiller's centenary had fallen in 1859 and Meyerbeer wrote a piece for the Schiller Festival in Berlin that year. Schiller's play, *Don Carlos*, had been suggested as a possible subject for a libretto to Verdi as early as 1850, but it was during his visit to Paris in 1865 on the occasion of the production of his revised version of *Macbeth* that a definite engagement was made and the subject of *Don Carlos* settled. The opera was first produced in Paris on March 11th, 1867. In date *Don Carlos* was thus the last of Verdi's operas to be composed before *Aïda*, which was produced in 1871. Actually, however, *Don Carlos* may be placed just before *Otello*, which was produced in 1887, because Verdi revised *Don Carlos* for the production in Milan in 1884.

There is a " third edition " of this opera which restores the first act cut out in the 1884 revision, but retains the other alterations. It is a pity that Sadler's Wells could not have used this version, thus giving the opera back its original five acts. But even with the excision of the first act *Don Carlos* is unusually long. Yet if the management succeed in establishing this fine work in the repertory I hope to see the first act restored; for not only is it dramatically desirable—since it establishes the relationship between Don Carlos and the Queen, otherwise inexplicable—but it also contains some delightful lyrical music providing a much-needed contrast to the wholly sombre character of the rest of the opera.

Don Carlos is, in my opinion, enormously superior to Verdi's *Macbeth* and must be considered as one of his greatest works. *Macbeth* is no doubt a remarkable opera, but it seems to me that it fails in two respects. First of all, in Verdi's handling of the supernatural scenes to which he has written uninspired clap-trap to a conventional operatic formula which is never far from the ridiculous. Secondly, he fails to create for Macbeth himself music appropriate to his character and to match the grandeur of Shakespeare's poetry. He seems to have been able to portray musically the characters of Philip of Spain and the Grand Inquisitor with a felicity he could not achieve with the Shakespearean character. Is this because Macbeth to a Latin mind lacks the flesh and blood subtlety of the Spanish character? I am inclined to think that characters such as Lear, Hamlet and Macbeth were not within the scope of Verdi's genius because the musical characterisation in *Don Carlos* is little short of marvellous. A very high level is maintained throughout this long work, for the characters of Don Carlos, of his friend, the liberal but loyalist Roderigo, of Queen Isabella and of the Princess Eboli are equally well done, not one of them being the mere stage dummy of so much operatic music. Conspicuous in this opera are the long duologues; such as the scene between the Queen and Don Carlos in Act I, the scene between King Philip and the Grand Inquisitor in Act III and the scene between the King and Roderigo in Act I. These are magnificent examples of musical eloquence in which Verdi has cast off the formal shackles which are the bane of true and natural expressiveness in opera. Also the soliloquies of the King and of Princess Eboli are superb in their variety and naturalness of expression. One might think that the sustained gloomy grandeur of this opera would become monotonous in its effect, but it does not and this alone indicates the degree of Verdi's success.

In *Don Carlos* Verdi's invention has not only matched his glowing vitality, but he has for the most part freed himself from the blatancy and crudity to which his somewhat primitive ardour was occasionally subject. The themes of Don Carlos's unhappy love for the French King's daughter to whom he was first betrothed but who is given in marriage to his father, King Philip, for political reasons; of his and his friend Roderigo's liberalism and concern for the persecuted Protestants of Flanders; of the fanaticism of the Inquisitor and the unhappy and superstitious Philip who is the tool of the Grand Inquisitor, are blended together in a remarkable way. It would be too much to say that the opera *Don Carlos* possesses quite the homogeneity of style of *Otello* or *Falstaff*, but its lapses are few and very slight, and there is a greater variety of human character in *Don Carlos* than in *Otello*. For instance, the patriot Roderigo, who is portrayed not only as a true friend of Don Carlos and a loyal subject of the King, but also as a lover of liberty and a supporter of the Protestants in Flanders, is a remarkable piece of characterisation and the scene in which he alone dares to take his sword from Don Carlos is one of the most exciting I know of. Another fine character study is that of the Princess Eboli, who is in love with Don Carlos but is not the ordinary stage villain and is a more subtle figure than the Egyptian princess in *Aïda*.

As the Princess, Edith Coates gave a most eloquent performance. Jeanne Dusseau's singing as the Queen was dignified and touching. Both Tudor Davies (Don Carlos) and Redvers Llewellyn (Roderigo) sang with splendid fire and conviction. The King Philip of Ronald Stear had just the right mixture of the sinister and pathetic, while Roderick Lloyd contrived to give the Grand Inquisitor both the implacability of extreme old age and the cruelty of the fanatic. *Don Carlos* is not a light entertainment, but it is a magnificent and thrilling work glowing with Verdi's creative vitality and Mr. Warwick Braithwaite and his colleagues have succeeded in making it come alive at Sadler's Wells.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

El Greco and Zuloaga, at the New Burlington Galleries
Greco to Goya, at 6 Chesterfield Gardens

" He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristick quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with

grace; but his natural port is gigantick loftiness. He can please where pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish." Dr. Johnson's encomium upon Milton is beautifully applicable to El Greco, one of whose latest and most extraordinary inventions is on view at the New Burlington Galleries—a masterpiece of imaginative art. It looks dirty, and it may be incomplete. (The design suggests a possibility that we have only the lower half of an enormous work.) But the audacity of the forms and the beautiful painting, especially of the central figures, can never cease to astonish. No artist has ever wrested forms more violently to the purposes of expression; the drapery is mountainous, the limbs extend and undulate. (Cézanne in his studio kept a photograph of this picture.) This is a prodigy, such as is produced rarely in the history of painting. In order to see it, one has to pass through two rooms filled with pictures by its owner, Señor de Zuloaga. One or two of them we are a little surprised to find in a public exhibition, remembering that the police have in the past seized works, no less well-intentioned, by D. H. Lawrence and even by Blake. We trust that in this case the authorities will have the wisdom not to intervene. But Señor de Zuloaga's skill and taste, it must be admitted, have not improved with the passing years.

At 6 Chesterfield Gardens, Messrs. Tomas Harris are showing, for the benefit of the Spanish Red Cross, a number of Spanish Old Masters. A Velasquez of a woman's head, a Zurbaran still life, several Grecos and small Goyas are the outstanding beauties—and how beautiful they are! There is also an entire series of Goya's etchings, *The Horrors of War*. An exhibition not to be missed.

"A Christmas Carol," at the Empire
"Ignace," at the Film Society (on Sunday)

If only they were not so long, Dickens's novels, with their pathos, humour, social feeling and broad characterisation, would make ideal material for the screen; *A Christmas Carol* is the right length. Mr. Edwin Marin's direction has not spoiled this perfect scenario; his evocation of atmosphere is certainly more efficient than imaginative, but at least the essential ingredients are all there: the murky, narrow, gas-lit streets, the cosy indoor jollifications over goose and plum pudding, the snowy, blowy, unmistakably "period" weather outside. Some of the characters are also conceived in the right full-blooded Dickensian style: Gene Lockhart makes an admirable Bob Crachit, and Perry Kilburn's Tiny Tim is a flawless essay in unabashed sentimentality. But the offices of Scrooge and Marley seem to have been designed by someone imperfectly acquainted with Cruickshank and Phiz: they looked much too clean and comfortable, and Scrooge himself (Reginald Owen) was not intimidating enough at the outset; his performance lacked the necessary Irvingesque touch, the face distorted by greed, the rasping voice. Old Marley's ghost was a thoroughly well-behaved apparition, and in general the director made little of the creepy element in the story, so little in fact that one wondered why the film should have been refused a "U" licence, for children would love it. Two small grumbles: the Spirit of Christmas Past was turned into a Hollywood cutie, and the young lovers were allowed to behave in church in a way which would have shocked their creator.

Ignace is a knockabout musical farce made to measure for Fernandel. This actor has, as everybody knows, one of the funniest faces in Europe, a melancholy, equine countenance to look upon which is to laugh. In *Ignace* he appears as an awkward recruit who gets in everybody's way and muddles through to a triumphant conclusion in which he is mistaken for the Colonel by a visiting Inspector General. There are a few good laughs, but most of the humour is of the broad sort you expect in a Hulbert or Crosby film, reinforced by some witless production numbers and "les 16 glamour girls." Genuinely French, however, were the *jeune premier* and his *fiancée*, a couple in the purest coloured post-card tradition. Two new documentaries (*Advance, Democracy* and *The Face of Scotland*) were unfortunately not shown at the press view.

London Scientific Film Society

Although interesting and varied, last Sunday's programme once again included films which could not strictly be put under the heading "Scientific." The two films most nearly so were a G-B. Instructional supervised by Prof. Huxley, "The Development of the Chick," and an unfinished, entirely diagrammatic study of "Ocean Tides." The first was remarkable not only for the use of direct photography of the growth experienced by the actual chick embryo while still in the egg, sequences of half a minute often depicting several hours' growth, but for its uncommonly businesslike commentary. The second, which was introduced by an address from its creator, Mr. E. C. Barton, was outstanding for the excellent animated contour maps of tidal fluxes in various parts of the globe. Although one felt the lack of a commentary, which is to be added later, this was an altogether fascinating film. The other items ("Continuous Steel Rolling Mill," "The Smoke Menace," "March of Time," "The Green Plover" and "Buried Treasure") were of the familiar, more or less good, type of instructional. A curious conflict of interests was noticeable between "The Smoke Menace," which explicitly named coal fires as one of the greater contributory causes of smoke pollution, and coal-fired bakeries and potteries as examples of the inefficiency and dirt bound up with the commercial use of raw coal as compared with lovely clean gas, and "Buried Treasure," which wound up with shots of a snug little fireside scene and a magnificent coal-fired pottery. Surely some mention of the problem of smoke pollution would not have come amiss in this film. There seems to have been no excuse for this discrepancy as John Grierson was concerned in the production of both. Perhaps the fact that the sponsors of one were the British Commercial Gas Association and of the other the Coal Utilisation Council had something to do with it.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 16th—
- Prof. Richard Gleadowe: "Form," Reimann School, 4-10 Regency Street, S.W.1, 6.15.
- Civil Liberties Christmas Dance and Cabaret, New Burlington Galleries, 8.30. Tickets 3s. 6d., double 6s.
- City of London L.B.C. Dance and Social, Old Unity Theatre, Britannia St., W.C.1.

SATURDAY, December 17th—
- League of Arts Choir: Carols and Christmas Music, Victoria and Albert Museum Lecture Theatre, 3.
- "Messiah," conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, December 18th—
- J. P. Gilmour: "Loyalties, True and False," Conway Hall, 11
- Concert Chamber Music, 6.30.
- H. J. Blackham: "The Disillusioned Man," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, December 19th—
- Chinese Christmas Ball, Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, 8 Tickets 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d. double, from China Campaign Committee.
- "Gate Revue," Gate Theatre.
- "Christmas Rocket," Coliseum.

TUESDAY, December 20th—
- Senator J. D. Rheinallt-Jones: "Co-operation or Conflict in South Africa," Friends House, 1.20.
- R. S. Walshaw: "External Migration," Burlington House, 5.15.
- A. D. Howell Smith: "The Art and Religion of Tibet," Conway Hall, 7.
- "Under Suspicion," Playhouse.

WEDNESDAY, December 21st—
- "Number Six," Aldwych.

THURSDAY, December 22nd—
- "Let's Pretend," St. James's.
- "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Embassy.
- Send-off Meeting for London Good Will Food Ship to Spain, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8.

Correspondence

VIVISECTION

SIR,—Was it kind of you to allow a distinguished literary lady to be gulled into a thousandth repetition of the well-known Noodle's Oration about vivisection? Let me try to clear up the case.

Most professions in civilised countries are now practised subject to established law and morality. Benefit of clergy was retained for a long time to enable gentlemen to kill one another in duels with impunity; but it is now extinct. The physicians and surgeons may still poison and mutilate their patients freely, but not with intent to murder and not without the consent of the victim to the swallowing of the poison or to the operation, if not to its result.

There is, however, one extraordinary exception to the general reign of normal morality. Persons engaged in scientific research, especially medical and biological research, claim that the pursuit of knowledge, as such, shall be free from all moral obligation. Not even the imperialist seizure of territory, or the personal

pursuit of absolute political power, goes so far as this: they may be achieved by violence, but always in moral and religious disguises.

The danger of so outrageous an immunity lies in the fact that there is no atrocity, however diabolical, and no calamity, however disastrous, from which something may not be learnt. The pick-pocket may not plead that his operations effect a better distribution of wealth, nor the assassin demonstrate that his victim is better dead. That may be true; but it does not excuse a breach of the social contract which forbids individuals to take the law into their own hands, whether in pursuit of private gain, personal vengeance, or social reform.

The medical researchers do not exactly take the law into their own hands: they claim the privilege of setting the law aside altogether. In short, they claim to be scoundrels with impunity on the ground that they may learn something by it.

When I first engaged in this controversy in the last century, Frances Power Cobbe was leading the attack on vivisection; and Victor Horsley was opposing her. The ground he took was that Miss Cobbe was a liar. I intervened on the ground that Miss Cobbe's veracity had nothing to do with the case, and that any person who supposed that it was possible for Miss Cobbe or anyone else to write a book absolutely free from errors had a hopelessly unscientific mind. I therefore asked Victor Horsley to discuss with me the real point at issue, which was whether he was a scoundrel or not.

He immediately threw off the mask of science and indignantly refused to entertain any such proposition; and so the case dropped undefended, as it always does when it is brought to the point. Horsley's subsequent career was so creditable to him that I have since flattered myself that I set him thinking. Thinkers are not found among the champions of the vivisectionist claim. The truth is that no sane vivisectionist will stand to his guns when he is confronted squarely with his own position.

Miss Sackville-West postulates that "the permanent alleviation of human suffering matters more in the long run than the temporary pain of an animal." Perhaps it does; but it is equally true that the permanent alleviation of human suffering matters more, in the long run, than the life of a baby. Once let loose this sort of argument and it will carry you straight to hell before you know where you are. There have been some holocausts of babies in hospitals for which the argument proved irresistible. After all, what do a couple of dozen unhealthy and largely unwanted little devils matter if they establish the vitally important fact that a new drug is too dangerous to be used in the cases of all the babies in the world?

Still, if Miss Sackville-West were the mother of one of the little devils she might have objected. But she would have had to consider her objection carefully. A sentimental objection would have been dismissed as such. The experiment may have been worth while. The tears of one mother may have saved the tears of a thousand. The experiment showed in rather a sensational way that when it comes to real business the plan of trying it on the dog (or guinea pig) is not convincing: you must try it on the human subject. The doctors may have been able to prove that all the mothers had already had more children than they could afford; so that the removal of the last one enabled their insufficiently nourished brothers and sisters to be better fed and clothed. The alternative to trying the experiment may have been a risk of death to the children apparently much greater than the risk of trying the drug on them. The case for the experiment may have been overwhelming: the case against it comparatively nil.

In short, the objection would lie not against the experiment as such, but against its being undertaken by an irresponsible body of private doctors claiming to be entitled to do anything they pleased in pursuit of knowledge with impunity, however Herodian their experiments might be. The decapitation of Charles I may have been a very necessary part of the abolition of absolute monarchy in England; but Cromwell did not therefore claim the right to call at the palace with an axe over his shoulder and operate on Charles with his own hands and on his own private responsibility. If he had been a modern medical researcher he would not have hesitated to do so.

Miss Sackville-West and I pursue biological knowledge in the great laboratory of the world, where experiments are not put-up jobs, and nature is incorruptible; and we claim no exemption except from censorship by unqualified persons. If horrible ways of discovering what we want to know are suggested to us, we use our brains to devise alternative methods that are not horrible. I do not see why medical research should not be conducted under the same limitations. And I doubt whether Miss West, on consideration, will do so either. G. BERNARD SHAW

SIR,—A point which Mr. Bowker does not make in his letter of December 10th criticising Miss Sackville-West's article on Vivisection is that while many Anti-Vivisectionists would not deny, as she claims they do, "that any benefits whatever have accrued to man as a result of the practice," they do argue that far greater and more fundamental benefits in the art of healing as distinct from the mere alleviating of disease (*vide* insulin) would have accrued if the mental energy now sucked into the channel of inhuman experiment had been directed into that of human and creative understanding—into the study, for example, of the habits, mental and physical, which are in harmony or in conflict with spiritual laws of life at present but dimly apprehended, if conceived at all, or into research into the social and economic causes which foster disease and perpetuate it by multiplying quack remedies.

The field for such *human* research is boundless in extent and possibilities. And vivisection is not only bad in itself and in its inhumanity a symptom of the disease it seeks to cure, but it distracts men from facing the real problems of health and healing.

Widdington, Newport, Essex. HUGH I'A FAUSSET

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Lord Baldwin has said, and Mr. Churchill has repeated vehemently, that "unless the democracies are prepared to make the same sacrifices as the totalitarian States the democracies will go down." In other words, if you mean to meet violence by violence you must become violent; if you mean to stand up to the Nazis you must adopt Nazi methods—at very least you must have conscription. This is so obviously true that anyone with a modicum of intelligence must see it, and, I should have thought, anyone with a modicum of honesty must say it. But what does the Labour Party say? Assuredly the Labour Party means to stand up to the dictators; so presumably the Labour Party is in favour of conscription. But if some authoritative member of the Party—always supposing such a person to exist—would make a clear statement on the subject, it would be of the greatest help to those who are now in the throes of choosing between evils.

50 Gordon Square, W.C.1. CLIVE BELL

WOMEN MUST WORK

SIR,—Will you allow me space in your columns to comment on a matter which is, I think, of some importance?

Considerable prominence was given by the press to the arrival in this country of the first group of Jewish child refugees, and newspapermen were sent to Dovercourt Camp to write up the event. I read two accounts, one in a prominent evening paper of the Right and the other in an equally prominent morning paper of the Left. The evening paper closed its account with a paragraph to the effect that shortly after their arrival the boys were busy playing football, whilst the girls were helping in the kitchen and laying the tables. The version of the morning paper was that within an hour of their arrival the girls were tidying the camp and the boys were drawn up for bathing and exercise.

Now I am quite well aware that newspapermen must draw on their imaginations on these occasions if they are to fill their space, and I am not greatly concerned as to whether these stories are true or not. My interest goes further than an inquiry why the Camp Authorities, having wisely decided to keep the children occupied, set the girls to work and the boys to play. I am prepared to believe that they did nothing of the kind. What interests me is why these stories were told at all.

Both reports were sympathetic in tone and if the reporters drew on their imaginations for this particular incident, they did so with the best intentions. In other words, they were telling the public things about the children that they thought the public would like to hear. This brings me to the point of my inquiry.

Why is it assumed that household duties are something that girls and women can undertake in addition to and without interference with their other duties and pleasures, that, indeed, they are not work at all but a means of passing the time pleasantly and profitably? It is lightly assumed that women have now won their way to full equality and already criticisms are heard that they have made little of their freedom but how does this assumption stand in the light of the above incident?

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I am in constant touch with girls and women who are representative of a great section of non-manual or "black-coated" workers. They may be divided roughly into three groups: (1) girls and young women who live at home; (2) older women who live "on their own"; (3) married women.

Consider, first, the position of the younger ones who live at home. The home is maintained on the combined earnings of father and adult sons and daughters, and the work of the home is performed by the mother, *aided by the daughters*. The sons are not expected to help with household duties. Their leisure is spent in study, pleasure or social intercourse. The daughters can only refuse to help at the expense of household peace and the reproach, "Surely you don't mind helping your mother a little." Add to this the fact that many middle-aged women suffer from a state of vague ill-health and the pressure on the girls, through their affections, becomes intense.

Or consider the position of the woman who lives away from home. She may furnish rooms or a small flat and proceed to make a home for herself, but, if so, she will manage with the most casual of hired help and add to her day's work a round of household shopping, cooking, cleaning and washing. It has been said with truth that only the poorest men wash their own socks and only the richest women have their stockings washed for them, and in this simple illustration lies the great difference between the man and woman worker. The deep-seated tradition continues that household duties are the lot of every woman, even though she may be doing a full-time job elsewhere.

What is the result? I should be a bold woman to give an answer, but I ask myself whether there is any connection between this widespread assumption that household duties are still women's primary task and the fact that the great mass of women wage-earners are to be found among the lower ranks of industry and commerce. Are they prevented by the double pull on their energies and thoughts from making their way up the ladder? Or are they forced to wash and sew and cook in their leisure time because their meagre earnings leave them no alternative? Do their frugal domestic habits reflect on their earnings by encouraging the assumption that a woman can live on less than a man? These are the economics of the case but there is also the personal side, the pressure which parents shamelessly exercise on their daughters through the medium of their affections. While these problems remain, freedom is a farce and equality an impossibility.

Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries,
69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

B. ANNE GODWIN,
Organising Secretary.

THE NEW CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SIR,—Dr. Hacha, the new President of Czechoslovakia, is reported as saying:

> It is in the field of economic interest that our relations with Great Britain can develop most favourably and durably. Many Czech products are as well known in Great Britain as standard British articles are here.
>
> I wish for nothing better than to see this exchange of merchandise with Great Britain and the Dominions develop increasingly.
>
> Czechoslovakia will thus find, in addition to the loan already announced which is so essential for the reconstruction of our reduced State, the best support for the normalisation of her economic situation which has been so gravely compromised.

Without entering into the question of whether or not it is in the interests of Great Britain to promote trade with Czechoslovakia, may I suggest that we have an indisputable moral duty to do so. Your readers will not need to be told why, but they will perhaps be interested to hear the opinion of a correspondent of mine in Prague, as to some of the measures which would be most effective in assisting that country to recover her economic equilibrium. My correspondent, after giving statistics to show how seriously the losses in territory and population have crippled the State, goes on to say it is still possible to furnish almost all the products formerly made for export and that the people, who are diligent and very efficient workmen, ask only to be given the opportunity to save themselves by work.

She therefore urges:

(1) That the loan to Czechoslovakia should be a generous one and issued under conditions which take account of the misfortunes which the country has suffered and are compatible with their "ability to pay."

(2) That assistance in establishing refugees in new homes overseas can best be provided by means of loans to those countries which accept them as immigrants.

(3) That, as a means of facilitating trade, a reduction be made in the British tariff on those classes of goods which Czechoslovakia most largely exports to this country.

(4) That publicity should be given to the fact that almost all the goods formerly supplied can still be obtained and that wholesale dealers should ask for articles "made in Czechoslovakia," and individual shoppers when purchasing foreign goods should ask for Czech products.

The letter ends:

> In giving work to the workers of Czechoslovakia you will help to re-establish a country whose independence and democracy has been severely injured and whose very existence as a nation is threatened, in spite of its great moral courage, testified by history, through its art and literature, during many centuries.
>
> Help us to re-establish Czechoslovakia.

36 Phillimore Gardens, W.8. DOROTHY GLADSTONE

THE NON-VOTER

SIR,—Mass-Observation of the non-voter has provided a wealth of stimulating data which, when it has been sifted and sorted, politicians and their organisers will surely utilise in the more scientific sowing and reaping of political opinion.

At present it appears the M-O. themselves are not sure of the conclusions to be drawn, or of their relative importance. Would they otherwise have been so agonisingly painstaking in their creation of a major theory that the West Lewisham result was not magnificent, but rather an illustration of what happens when Mr. Bartlett isn't the candidate. It is true, of course, that the West Lewisham vote was down 6 per cent. to 58 per cent. But is this so serious as to outweigh a Tory decrease of 5,000 and a Labour increase of 2,000 in a Tory stronghold? Would not a similar change of opinion throughout the country be "magnificent"? Well, it would dish this Government anyhow!

We are all for a high percentage vote—if we can get it for our own Party candidates. But is it really equally desirable if it goes to the other fellow? Let us not forget that the big vote general elections have been the "scare" elections. Do these prove that the normal non-voter is to be the salvation of democracy? Without careful definition it is dangerous simplification to talk of a low poll policy. The essence of electioneering is to poll a maximum of supporters and a minimum of opponents. Why not persuade an opponent not to vote at all if he won't vote for us? Not every disgruntled opponent will go so far towards salvation; at Lewisham many said "we don't trust Chamberlain but we intend to vote for the Conservative *Party* candidate."

M-O. can render great service by providing impartial data, but not if their conclusions are a condition precedent. They will find, for example, that the London voting percentage is not so much due to apathy as to geographical and economic considerations which in effect disfranchise a large body of electors. The absence of these factors automatically gives a higher vote in provincial and agricultural areas. It is, moreover, unscientific to make too many inferences in regard to Parliamentary elections from the data of Local Government contests. In Borough Council contests, for example, elections are on a Ward basis which frequently provides a ready-made segregation of electoral types requiring a different technique in propaganda and organisation from Parliamentary contests.

We can admit that politicians have their prejudices which M-O. may well correct by objective investigation. But if M-O. have also their enthusiasms which find support from contrary facts, or ignorance of them, how then shall the politicians be saved? HINLEY ATKINSON

258 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

HATS OFF IN THE BANK

SIR,—I am in a position to enlighten you as to the origin of the custom referred to in "A Londoner's Diary," whereby customers doffed their hats on entering "The" Bank at Leicester.

"The" Bank belonged to my great-great-grandfather, and was peculiar in that it would accept as customers only those people whom Thomas Paget, the proprietor, would accept as his friends, and in that it would accept no security for its advances other than the character and reputation of its customers. It was natural, therefore, that customers should take off their hats on entering the bank, as they were entering the house of a friend. This policy proved remarkably successful in that it not only made the bank's fortune, but was the foundation of almost every successful business in Leicester.

It may be interesting to add that Thomas Paget was the first freely elected Mayor of Leicester, and that his first action on assuming office was to sell by public auction the regalia of the Corporation, in order to show that the policy of the new Corporation would be to look to the benefit of the ratepayers rather than to the ostentation of office. As a gesture, however, it somewhat misfired by reason of the fact that the regalia was purchased by a local Conservative publican, who had it carried by the potman in front of his wife when she went to church. R. T. PAGET

3 Hare Court,
Temple, E.C.4.

GERMANY AND THE JEWS

SIR,—In reply to N.B.'s letter let me assure you that indignation at the treatment of defenceless men, women and children was very high among hundreds of people who had to watch scenes they will never forget in their lives. But any action, or even the wording of disapproval, had as consequence the same treatment as was dealt out to the unhappy Jews. A man or woman who have a family dependent on them must think twice before they risk imprisonment in a concentration camp for an indefinite time. Even so protests were made. Four cases came to my knowledge from a small country town of 5,000 inhabitants. They concerned men, protesting against the inhuman treatment dealt out to some Jewish women. In these four cases the men who stood up for the victims were immediately arrested and sent to a concentration camp along with the Jews.

Vienna. "AN EYE-WITNESS"

WHERE TO GIVE

SIR,—Some of us have a little spare money. I can only give to a limited number of requests, though all are good. What I would like to find in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is a list of "charities" in their order of urgency, approved by the Editor. For example, I have refused to give £1 for "organ and choir" and want to know whether it should go to (1) China, (2) escaped Jews, (3) exiled Germans from Czechoslovakia, (4) returned soldiers from Spain, (5) feeding Spanish children. Now here are five objects, to all of which one would like to give the last available penny. But is any one more immediately urgent than the other four? F. G.

It is invidious to select among worthy causes, but if we have to give advice we should say that the first need is to decide whether you wish only to relieve suffering or whether you also desire your gift to have an immediate political importance. If the latter, no cause is so urgent as feeding the population of Government Spain. It is now difficult to exaggerate the suffering caused by the blockade and impossible to exaggerate the political importance of maintaining resistance to Franco. Collections for Spain are going on all over the country: Liverpool and Glasgow have just sent cargoes. The Humber area is issuing an Appeal; All-London Aid-Spain Committee (4 Great James Street, W.C.1) is planning a £10,000 gift of food and clothing. Contributions can also always be sent here or direct to the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief (4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1). For those who wish to help China's terrible need we specially call attention to the International Peace Hospital in South Shensi. (Address, China Campaign Committee, Parliament Mansions, Orchard Street, S.W.1.) Those who wish to help refugees from Czechoslovakia should read a note on the problem in this week's London Diary and communicate with the National Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia, 5 Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1.

REFUGEES

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me through your columns to draw to the attention of your readers the special contribution which the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning is making, and has been making over the past five years, to the refugee problem, which the whole of the civilised world is to-day facing with such remarkable spontaneity and generosity.

This Society (of which His Grace the Archbishop of York is President and Sir Frederick Kenyon, Chairman) exists to help scholars and scientists displaced from their own Universities and professions to be re-absorbed into academic life elsewhere, so that their intellectual gifts and training may not be wasted and so that each individual scientist, scholar and doctor may still be able to make the contribution to knowledge which in many cases he and he alone is capable of making. So far we have succeeded in placing over 500 permanently and nearly 350 temporarily and amongst those whom we have been privileged to help are men and women whose intellectual gifts and genius form part of the cultural wealth of the world.

The Society is holding a number of meetings early in February in the academic centres throughout the country to enable all those engaged in teaching, learning and research to give corporate and tangible expression to their sympathy. I hope these meetings will have the most generous possible support, as the latest developments in Germany, the crisis in Czechoslovakia and the new legislation in Italy have trebled our waiting lists and made each individual problem more pressing and acute.

Society for the Protection of Science and Learning, W. H. BEVERIDGE
Vice-President

6 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

GREVILLE

SIR,—Shortly but strongly I should like to support the plea made by Mr. Raymond Mortimer for an unlimited Greville at a sensible price. As a collector may I say that Greville is not literature, and therefore has no appeal to that specialised section of the community. The apparent attempt to restrict the circulation of this book in order to catch the collector is based on a misapprehension and will fail. It is in fact the general reader who has rightly desired to put an unexpurgated Greville upon his shelves, and the excessive cost has made it impossible for him to do so. I trust that the publisher may be persuaded to reconsider his undemocratic and pusillanimous attitude. ESHER

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We are glad to acknowledge the following sums received for Spanish Relief: R. M. Shore (£5 5s.); T. H. C. Benians, A. M. Simpson, Mark Wilks (£5); Dale Collins, R. S. M. (£3); Walter Stewart (£2 4s. 6d.); Eustace Charlton (£2 2s.); Anon. (£2); P. M. Bowman, F. W. Ockenden (£1 1s.); Anon., I. W. G. Cameron, Frederick Gourlay, F. M. Hann, Mary Hum, P. M. Mace, D. W. Pickering, P. T. Riddle, T. S., E. W. Weymouth, F. W. White, D. Wrafter (£1); Dennis Outwin (12s.); G. W. Bailey (10s. 6d.); C. Friend (10s.); H. G. Whatley (7s. 6d.); Robert Duncan, J. Olivier (6s.); Anon. (2), A. C. Hill (5s.); B. Plowman (2s. 6d.).

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN the motor liner approaches a group of small uninhabited islands the passengers crowd along the sides of the deck with something catching at their hearts. Why should they have come on a pleasure cruise in order to suffer such exquisite pain? For as the faintly trembling ship purrs on her way past pointed rocks, and the little silver-sanded beaches open to the sight, and close, and are left behind, and the white waves of sea birds rise screaming from the cliffs, and a scent of land comes for a moment through the smells of steam and varnish, each of the wretched passengers toys with the idea of throwing himself into the sea, of swimming ashore and of living like Crusoe amid a population of rabbits and goats. "If I could only trust myself; if I had faith in my strength, I would make the Captain set me ashore, with my cabin trunk and a box of matches, and I should not even look up or wave my hand as the white liner went shimmering away over the calm sea. I should pick up driftwood, make a little fire, and sleep in a cave." The Archdeacon, and the Don, and the Don's Wife, and the Chairman of the Board, and the asthmatic Schoolmistress and the three Civil Servants are all whispering: "Coward, Fool, Weakling!" to themselves before they turn away to their Baedekers and chess problems, smiling little smiles to cover the knowledge that their arms are weak, and their digestions weaker, and that life has slipped away on the moving staircases of the Underground and that they might just as well go mad and try to embrace the female figures in corsets that go sliding past the endless moving staircase, as answer to the sirens' song.

* * *

Such moments of realisation of weakness, and herd-fears will stab the readers of *I Know an Island*, by R. M. Lockley (Harrap, 10*s.* 6*d.*), though perhaps a certain number of the younger and less rational will float away on day-dreams as recklessly as Saint Brenan paddled round the British islands in his stone coffin. Some would like to retreat to islands to forget the present—for as D. H. Lawrence pointed out: "Once isolate yourself on a little island in the sea of space and the moment begins to heave and expand in great circles, the solid earth is gone and your slippery, naked, dark soul finds herself out in the timeless world, where the chariots of the so-called dead dash down the old streets of centuries." The Don and the Archdeacon dream of living in bee-hive stone huts, as the Irish saints lived in their hermitages, to forget mankind, and listen to God in the Atlantic gales. The company director and the schoolmistress dream of simpler pleasures: of basking on the seals' rocks; of fishing for bass and netting the fat puffins on the face of the sheer cliffs. Their fears are justified, for actually it is dangerous to live on a small island. The Irish saints found that out when the Norsemen landed suddenly and chased them over the cliffs, or hacked off their heads, leaving no trace of their devotions but such names as Papa Stour. The same danger lurks to-day. In war submarines send parties ashore, and in time of peace a wreck may scatter hundreds of starving strangers on an island. This has twice happened at Fair Isle. During the Armada the great vessel *El Gran Grifen* was wrecked; the islanders were outnumbered by the armed disciplined crew, and it was many months before ships could be obtained to take away the Spaniards. In 1868, 465 survivors of the German barque *Lessing*, emigrants bound for America, ate up everything upon the island before they were removed. There are many other dangers on islands, some of which Mr. Lockley mentions, almost by accident. In the remote islet of Stora Dimun, in the Faeroes, they let the fires out accidentally, in autumn, and had to live without fire through the long winter night, gnawing the dried codfish, and drinking cold water, and cowering under the eiderdowns. One day all the young men of Hest, in the Faeroes, were lost at sea when there was not a breath of wind: it is thought they met with a miraculous draught of fishes and, hauling in the heavy nets, sank their boat with their good fortune. Do not dream too much of islands: you will be safer in your gas-mask, underground.

* * *

Mr. Lockley was a farmer with a love of birds and of islands, who discovered that Skokholm off the Pembrokeshire coast was on the market. It was extremely fertile, covered with rabbits and, at some seasons, with birds. He leased it, thinned the rabbits, brought in sheep, repaired the old thirteenth-century buildings, and got married. A wreck, abandoned by its crew, was blown ashore, bringing him five years' supply of coal, timber, infinite treasure which he bought for five pounds, but which the sea snatched away before he could get more than a small part of it ashore. The life of a farmer on Skokholm was one of danger and continual labour to win a bare living. But the love of birds interfered: Mr. Lockley started ringing them to study migrations; conceived a film of the gannets' life, which he carried out with Julian Huxley, and now Skokholm is one of the most famous ornithological stations in the world. The sheep have been shipped back to the mainland and in the nesting season, and during the times of migration, students of ornithology visit Skokholm as paying guests. An International Congress was held there and naval vessels exchanged signals "Form line ahead to chase *Puffinus puffinus puffinus!*" which I need scarcely inform readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has no connection with the Common Puffin. Mr. Lockley has plenty to say about birds, and his account of the station at Heligoland—and of Heligoland itself—is uncommonly interesting. Perhaps if the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, or whatever august body of men looks after our lighthouses, realised that the lives of millions of birds would be saved if a wide platform of wire netting were stretched like a saucer below the flashing light, they would do something about it. As it is, to the leeward of every lighthouse, in the migrating season, there are thousands of dead and crippled birds.

* * *

Mr. Lockley was happy on his island, but he caught something of the restlessness of the migrating birds, and whenever opportunity offered flitted to other islands to see them and compare them with his own. Grassholm, the only place where gannets breed in England or Wales, was a few miles off: Bardsey further afield. Then the habit of visiting islands took hold of Mr. Lockley seriously, and he went off on successive holidays to the Blaskets, the Orkneys, to Fair Isle, to the Faeroes and the Westmann Islands, off Iceland. I regret that he has not yet explored the Shetlands. Bad weather landed him there, but he did not cross the island to see the three peaks of Foula, which make it the most exciting island to look at in the world. Leach's Petrel was the excuse Mr. Lockley put forward for some of these northern visits, but something has gone wrong with the photograph taken after it was found. But the accounts of the human life are better. *I Know an Island* is a delightful, matter-of-fact book, written in a sober, convincing way. The Westmann Islands off Iceland are unexpected. Instead of being even more primitive than the Faeroes, there is a thriving town; every hideous concrete and galvanised iron house blazes with electricity and has central heating, and the inhabitants spend their whole time ringing each other up on the telephone, as there is no charge for island calls. The cod fishery has brought prosperity and they are progressive, go-ahead people. The farmers still keep sheep on the outlying islets, like their Viking ancestors, and visits for shearing are great events:

> We landed in three boat-loads upon a narrow shelf under the cliffs. Eider-ducks quitted their down-filled nests to give us clinging room. The cragsmen went ahead, and as they climbed from ledge to fingerhold with wonderful blitheness, the fulmar petrels retched out from every cranny, showering oil on the unheeding men . . . They carried on their shoulders new ropes which they lowered to us from the top of the cliff . . . Going up easily, hand over hand, on the

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JAMES AGATE in the DAILY EXPRESS

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THE BODLEY HEAD

rope above me were two laughing young women dressed in boiler suits, their mouths touched with lipstick. Below me was a retired Civil Servant, farming as a pastime, but still clinging to striped morning trousers and starched collar . . .

I warmly recommend *I Know an Island* to everyone: its only fault is that it is not long enough. Incidentally the best Christmas book for boys and girls is *The Sword in the Stone*, by T. H. White (Collins, 8*s.* 6*d.*). At one school where it was read aloud, the children asked to have it read over to them again without any skipping. DAVID GARNETT

RAMSAY MACDONALD

The Tragedy of Ramsay MacDonald. By L. MACNEILL WEIR. *Secker and Warburg.* 15*s.*

Retrospect. By THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The spectacle of the Left leader at the head of the forces of reaction has been so common in the post-war period that I am disposed to look for rather deeper explanations of Mr. MacDonald's career than those that satisfy Mr. MacNeill Weir. If he had attempted to place Mr. MacDonald in his historical setting and asked himself how it was that Snowden and Thomas were also Members of the National Government, and why French leaders like Clemenceau, Millerand and Briand also began as Socialists, he would, I think, have written a better book. As it is, he gives too simple and too isolated a view of MacDonald, and I am not surprised that people have attacked him for repeating so much that is unpleasant about a man whose private secretary he was for eight years.

Having said so much, I must admit that in matters of vanity, snobbery, self-delusion and love of intrigue, Mr. MacNeill Weir does not seem to have exaggerated his case. On these matters the private testimony of close associates is only too terribly convincing. The personal vanity is the least important charge—though it had its political side. In a chatty autobiography Lady Londonderry, who was one of Mr. MacDonald's closest friends, gives some amusing examples of his quite childish love of "dressing up." He was proud of his Highland carriage and knew he made a fine figure of a man in a gay costume. She describes, among the other pleasing trivialities which make up her book, how, when he was Prime Minister, he rang up to arrange to call and display himself for her in his new uniform as an Elder Brother of Trinity House. The rank and file were perfectly justified when they protested in 1924 at the Labour Government's decision to accept all the ceremonials and the dressing-up that accompanied Court life. They were right because though the matter may seem trivial in itself, it was a symptom of Mr. MacDonald's ravenous appetite for consorting with the rich and the titled. His snobbery goes back over a very long period. An opinion from an important personage who had flattered him with a confidential talk became for the time being MacDonald's opinion, those who tried seriously to discuss policy with their leader were shocked to find that he had nothing to offer except manoeuvres, anecdotes and repetitions of the sayings of the titled people with whom he had been spending the week-end. He would spend hours arguing the advantages of giving this honorary post or title to this or that person. He was completely fascinated by the manoeuvres of politics and the technique of dishing this particular political rival or opponent. On matters of this kind, Mr. MacNeill Weir rather understates, than exaggerates, his case.

Nor is it possible for him to overstate the confusion of mind into which Mr. MacDonald finally fell. He selects in a single chapter a few examples of the involved, incoherent and self-contradictory statements that MacDonald made in his last phase. They are almost incredible. I remember well how frequently I refused to quote them in this journal because it seemed like hitting a Prime Minister when he was down. Mr. MacNeill Weir explains these strange utterances by saying that as a Socialist leader MacDonald had got accustomed to a number of clichés which no longer served when he changed his political party. This is, I think, only a partial explanation. In his last phase his change of party completely confused an already incoherent mind. But, as some of Mr. MacNeill Weir's quotations show, the habit of vague eloquence was no late development. One of his most famous phrases appears in a truncated form in a speech as early as 1923:

> But, my friends, I see no end of the journey. We have come, we shall journey, and we shall go, and our children coming after us will go on with their journey, and their children will go on with theirs. And, my friends, what you and I have to take care is that the journey is both onward and upward.

In later years, as every reporter testified, MacDonald's statements were so phrased that he could never be pinned down to anything. As soon as he was questioned he invariably declared that he was being misrepresented. As he grew older he increasingly lived on oratory; he studied no subject seriously and relied every year more on his prestige, voice, appearance and natural gift of the gab. As one of his intimate associates put it to me, his mind was obsessed for so many years with tactics and trivialities that he ceased to have anything real in his head. He became an instrument of sound, receiving nothing and emitting noises. This is the fate of the politician who starts with great natural advantages, always demands popularity, neglects serious study, and gradually grows cynical about the principles that once gave him driving power.

As I see it, MacDonald, for all his good qualities and great gifts, became almost a caricature of the successful politician who rises from the ranks, and it is this that makes him from a sociological point of view so unusually interesting. Why is it that so many leaders go the same way? We may see the story repeated in one form or another in innumerable cases. Here is MacDonald, "the lad o' pairts," brought up in poverty, intensely ambitious and fired with a genuine desire to destroy the inequalities from which he has himself suffered. The two motives, the idealistic and the self-seeking, are inextricably mixed. At the outset both point the same way; to obtain power is the way to serve. It is not till power has been won that the world learns how much good has survived the struggle. Young, able and good-looking, the young Radical finds success easy. He climbs fast and he discovers to his surprise that many of the rich whom he had always thought of as hard-faced people, grinding the faces of the poor, are in fact kindly and genuinely anxious to alleviate suffering if the cost is not too great to themselves. The House of Commons gives a ready welcome to the youthful champion of the underdog. Then begins that subtle process of the aristocratic embrace; the necessary co-operation with Conservatives and Liberals, the discovery that they are willing for compromise and not, after all, such

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bad sorts; the gradual rise in the social scale, the invitations first to the houses of the well-to-do and finally to those of the aristocracy—all this combines with a growing disillusion about the doctrines for which he began to fight and a growing impatience with the less successful and more troublesome critics in his own camp. If, like MacDonald, the young leader is acutely sensitive and impatient of fools, he finds many of his own associates intolerable, and he looks forward more every day to those restful homes where his worth is acknowledged, his idealism is respected and his readiness for "realistic" discussion of practical issues taken for granted. He loses touch with his own class; Socialism and all the rest of it becomes a theme for public speeches, remote from actualities.

As the years pass such a Labour leader finds himself increasingly in a false position, preaching, as MacDonald did, hot-gospel Socialism in Glasgow and persuasive Liberalism in London drawing-rooms. No wonder his mind becomes confused; no wonder his statements grow more ambiguous. He must be a "national" leader and yet base his power on the aspirations of working people, who trust him to lead them in a battle against the class with whom he now habitually associates. He is trapped: he cannot step boldly or irrevocably into either camp. To become Prime Minister, MacDonald had to transcend class and make himself the darling of a large middle-class as well as working-class following. It became all important to him not to lose the confidence of the middle class; even while he was getting a reputation on the one side as a pacifist and a Socialist, he carefully avoided any indiscretions which would commit him to a quarrel with the bourgeoisie. The war put him in a most tragic dilemma and his speeches, which neither opposed nor supported it only brought him discredit. He was denounced as a traitor by middle-class people and newspapers, and then made remarkable efforts to reinstate his reputation for patriotism by getting a pass from Kitchener to visit the Front. After the war he was again believed to have been a pacifist and a Socialist, and so used his eloquence and his political gifts that he rallied behind him people whose outlook on life was fundamentally different. He was personally responsible for bringing Labour into office earlier than anyone could have dreamt possible. But just because his followers were united by his personality and not by any real basis of doctrine or class both his Labour administrations ended in failure.

The final test came in 1931. We know to-day—and Mr. MacNeill Weir supplies new evidence—that the idea of a National Government with MacDonald at the head had been in his mind for months before the financial crash which alone justified his action in the eyes of the British public. The action of a Prime Minister who, failing to obtain agreement in his Cabinet, does not resign, but moves over, without the knowledge of his colleagues, into leadership of their opponents, is not easy to justify in any circumstances. I know that there are those who believe that MacDonald acted solely from a disinterested desire to save his country from disaster, and I am fully prepared to believe that he had convinced himself that he was sacrificing himself when his followers thought he was betraying them from self-interest. MacDonald had more capacity than anyone since Gladstone for persuading himself that the ace of trumps he kept up his sleeve had been placed there by Providence. But the root of the trouble was that he had no capacity for objective analysis, no grasp of economics and lacked altogether that instinctive loyalty which saved a duller man like Arthur Henderson from moral disaster. MacDonald had learned to think of everything in terms of votes and of political success. When the crisis came he was the inevitable victim of that subtle combination of flattery and menace which the British upper class so well knows how to use. His false position was finally exposed. He had, as Mr. MacNeill Weir remarks, been at the same time anti-war and pro-war, pro-Russian and anti-Russian, in favour of and against the General Strike, and now finally he was pro-Labour and anti-Labour. He could only have survived the test of 1931 if he had been prepared with the knowledge that Socialists, who try to rule in a capitalist world, will, at a crisis, meet with new types of resistance which can only be overcome by drastic and unusual measures. The fact, as the General Strike and the crisis of 1931 have shown, is that in a bourgeois country the Social Democratic leader, afraid of violence and half in one camp and half in another, inevitably lets down workers who believe he can bring them Socialism. He cannot; he can bring them as much liberal reform as capitalism can afford. But the final criticism of MacDonald as a leader is that he did not even achieve the concessions that were within the scope of Social Democracy.

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The Journals of Kierkegaard. Translated and selected by ALEXANDER DRU. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

English readers have waited a long time for this wonderful and extraordinary book—the clue to Kierkegaard's tortured and symbolical existence. No biography—certainly not the one recently published by Mr. Walter Lowrie—can take the place of these journals for understanding Kierkegaard's very peculiar position as a thinker. For although it is usual for the divided soul to seek relief in self-expression, this generally issues in lyrical verse or prose of a subjective order (Rousseau, Byron, Chateaubriand, Nietzsche, Lawrence), seldom in a progressively drier and harder form of religious thinking. This, however, was Kierkegaard's case, as it was that of Saint Augustine, whom he in many ways resembles. To be sure, his end is implicit in his beginning, as readers of this journal will become aware: as early as 1836 (aged 23) we find him inveighing against the hopeless dilution of religion within the Church itself; and a year earlier he shows his awareness of his own particular problem: "The same thing happens to Christianity, or to becoming a Christian, as to all radical cures, one puts it off as long as possible." The young Kierkegaard wanted to enjoy life, as did his contemporaries and friends; but he found that, owing to his inordinate sense of sin, he could not do it.

> Yes, I believe I would give myself to Satan so that he might show me every abomination, every sin in its most frightful form—it is this inclination, this taste for the mystery of sin.

He belonged, quite obviously, to the manic-depressive type, for whom any decision is doubly painful because he cannot be sure that his feeling at any given moment represents his "true" self. That is the worst of having two selves: *both* are true and they are diametrically opposed.

Like other Faustian natures, Kierkegaard hated his age and discovered (mostly vicariously, one gathers) that "*la chair est triste, hélas*"; but the solution he found was not Mallarmé's, Despair and escape were not for him: his sense of religious truth

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was the opposite of the mere vague spirituality of woolly minds. It did not take him long to realise that faith is an act of will and that the Christian life must bring heaven to earth in an industrious conjugation of thought and action :

> Wherever Christians have occupied themselves with the future, one finds punishment, havoc, desolation, eternal suffering and torment before one ; luxuriant and dissolute as their imagination is in this respect it becomes feeble whenever it deals with the happiness of the chosen and faithful, which we hear described as a blissful gazing through dull, staring eyes with large, fixed pupils, or vague, swimming eyes which prevent anything from being seen clearly. There is no mention of a vigorous spiritual life ; the contemplation of God face to face, complete understanding as opposed to our looking, here upon earth, into the mirror, and mysterious words—all this does not interest them much.

There is something fearful in the intransigent penetration of Kierkegaard's vision : " The thought that God is love, in the sense that he is always the same, is so abstract that fundamentally it is a sceptical thought." Small wonder, then, that his earlier belief in a maieutic view of Christianity became transformed, by 1848, by the conviction that " the communication of Christianity must ultimately end in ' bearing witness,' the maieutic form can never be final."

The desperate folly of his treatment of Regine Olsen—though he never seems to have realised quite how desperate it was—determined the crisis of his life, by at last bringing into immediate conflict the twin blades of his nature ; hostile reality, in the form of a newspaper attack, crystallised his final attitude and discovered the design of his ultimate and most important task : the assault on established religion. Here it is as well to quote a capital passage, showing the essentially real nature of Kierkegaard's discovery and its extrinsic importance :

> But he must put up with suffering. Then in the course of time, when he becomes more concrete in the actuality of life, comes more and more to himself as a temporal being, when time and its succession exercises its power over him, when in spite of all his effort it becomes so difficult to live on with the assistance of only the eternal, *when he becomes a human being in a humbler sense or learns what it means to be human* (for in his resignation he is still too ideal or too abstract, for which reason there is still something of despair in such resignation) : then the possibility of faith presents itself to him in this form : whether he will believe by virtue of the absurd that God will help him temporarily. (My italics.)

Kierkegaard had assumed the garment of Humanity at last and it only remained for him to direct his acquired forces on to the right spot. The protests of Professor Martensen, though justified on their own ground, are really beside the point : those to whom it is given to " bear witness to the Truth " are outside the temporal power, at least in the eyes of posterity.

Mr. Dru's admirable work of selection follows the German edition of Theodor Haecker. His English is lucid, and though the opacity of Kierkegaard's thought cannot but make the reading of this book a serious task at times, it is one which the translator has very remarkably lightened. Apart from taking us through every phase of the poet's religious development, this selection also shows what a fine novelist Kierkegaard might have been, had his preoccupation been slightly different. The index is important in that it elucidates the esoteric meanings of most of Kierkegaard's favourite words.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

NOT HERE, O APOLLO

An Oxford University Chest. By JOHN BETJEMAN. Illustrated by L. MOHOLY-NAGY, OSBERT LANCASTER and Others. *John Miles.* 15s.

Mr. Betjeman's attitude to Oxford is less filial than avuncular. His deep affection is evident, but he gives the University authorities a well-deserved wigging for behaving like ignorant and destructive schoolboys. The most beautiful city in England has, since the war, dwindled into the amusement-park of an industrial town, and the old quarrel between Gown and Town has ended in the entire victory of the latter, in the person of Lord Nuffield. The University has even, like decadent Rome to its invaders, given honours to its conqueror. You would suppose, says Mr. Betjeman, that this little Athens would know something of the principles upon which a town was built.

> They could have planned an industrial town, with all their learning, which would have been worthy of the University City beside it. The factories could have been planned away from the dwellings, the dwellings could have been set in green spaces and could have been handsome to look at. Morris Cowley could have been a model for the rest of England. . . . The colleges had it in their power to command good building. They could have been the chief landowners in the outskirts of the town. . . . You would have thought some concerted action had been possible. You would have thought that architecture and town-planning had been heard of in the home of culture. As it is Oxford remains an unplanned muddle. . . . Now these colleges are paying for the past stupidity by subscribing to the Oxford Preservation Fund. . . . Even now there are enemies in its camp. St. John's College for instance owns part of Beaumont Street, which it intends to demolish.

Mr. Betjeman might have added that we are asked to contribute to the construction of the new Bodleian, which is to wreck one of the pleasantest views left in the city.

But it has become vain to expect the erudite to have eyes—except for books. Until a hundred years ago scholars had taste : loving the balanced periods of Cicero, they appreciated an analogous architecture, magnificent with pediments and columns. Dean Aldrich designed Peck and All Saints Church, the President of Trinity collaborated with Wren in the plan for the College Chapel, the architect of the august New Buildings of Magdalen was a Fellow of the College. But now (though there are of course individual exceptions) dons are the last class in which one would expect to find a visual sense. In Oxford, according to Mr. Betjeman, there is only one good piece of modern architecture, a footbridge over the Cherwell. (Is there even one at Cambridge ?) Magdalen has " let Sir Giles Gilbert Scott continue Bodley's feeble Gothic Revival work in St. Swithuns's, rather than erect a block at right angle to the present New Buildings, after the design of the talented Holdsworth." Moreover " it recently spent some of its money in building up a wall on the St. Clement's boundary of its property and pulling it down again. It is a matter of regret that the money was not spent in saving neighbouring land from the speculative builder." The interior of St. Mary the Virgin " has lost its character since many of the excellent box-pews were removed in the recent ' restoration ' by Sir Charles Nicholson." A road is projected through the Christ Church meadows ; a serious proposal was made, a year or two ago, to remove Hawksmoor's twin towers at All Souls ; and it is even " being thought expedient to do away with the college barges and

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build nice up-to-date pavilions." Mr. Betjeman gives at least one practical hint: after describing the revolting creeper which ruins the appearance of the fine façade of Worcester, he boldly explains how an undergraduate may turn his destructive impulses to good purpose. "Let him make two incisions, one directly above the ground and the next about six inches above the first incision. If he then removes the intervening wood, the creeper will die and Worcester will be restored to dignity." (Is not the chapel of Trinity still similarly disfigured?)

His architectural guide is highly valuable. The chapel at Univ., we are told, has the best XVIIth century glass, Lincoln chapel is the most perfect of its period in the University, Jesus Library looks untouched since 1677, and is one of the best little-known sights in Oxford; the hall at Queen's is even more impressive than the chapel, despite the windows of Sir Reginald Blomfield; the library is most impressive. Mr. Betjeman is fascinated by the Gothic Revival, and sometimes his connoisseurship makes him far too fond. He considers Butterfield an admirable architect, and Keble "an essay in the right arrangement of masses, in good proportion and originality in the Gothic manner." His chapel at Balliol, we are told, was a noble building until the recent chastening of its interior. And even Waterfield's hall, at Balliol, "is handsome outside." He has a good word (more justly, as I think) for St. Barnabas's Church, which is Lombardic. "The architect was Sir A. Blomfield and I have no hesitation in saying St. Barnabas is far the best of his works I have seen—and I have seen many."

The book contains much information, much wit and some rare anecdotes about dons, scouts and undergraduates. (State-subsidised undergraduates, we are informed, are "generally heterosexual": so, I suspect, are the others.) But the "architectural tour" is much the most important section, I consider, because we have so little good criticism of buildings. Discriminating eyes ought to be turned upon a number of other towns, beginning with Cambridge, which has been spared by the Nuffields but has suffered even more from the architects. (The new Downing buildings, for instance, are more recklessly out of keeping than any recent construction at Oxford.)

Mr. Betjeman includes a short but appalling description of the Morris Works. "I spent little more than an hour for the purposes of this book. I should have spent more. But I am so literary, so fearful of machinery, such an escapist, that a few minutes more would have sent me off my rocker." Mr. Betjeman is altogether too modest: the belt system is an offence against the nature of man, and it is not "escapist" to protest against it. The defenders of humane values are becoming defeatist, comprehensibly, but not, I suggest, justifiably: there is nothing muffish in loathing either the enslavement of man to machinery, or the persecution of minorities. The belt, like the concentration-camps of Germany and the labour-camps of Russia, deserves to excite the most ferocious indignation. When Calas was judicially murdered, Voltaire struck—and destroyed an infamous system. To-day hundreds of thousands are being racked and broken upon the wheel, and if we protest, we do so in the ironic accents of mild self-depreciation. The battle may be already lost, but, for God's sake, let us not despise ourselves for our most honourable convictions.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DICTATOR

Dictator of Portugal. A LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF POMBAL, 1699–1782. By MARCUS CHEKE. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Even those happy and laborious persons who have passed with flying colours through an honours examination in history would be hard put to it to write a lucid paragraph on the Marquis of Pombal. Yet he was of great importance not only in the history of Portugal but in that of Europe as a whole and, in these days of dictators, has a particular interest for modern readers. Mr. Marcus Cheke has written this book in a style at once entertaining and informative, which steers the reader enjoyably through the intricacies of Portuguese history.

In very brief outline Pombal's career as dictator, which began in 1750 and ended in 1777, was as follows. He owed his position in part to a runaway marriage with an aristocrat which admitted him to the ranks of the governing classes of Portugal. A visit to England on a special mission gave him a great respect for the commercial methods and solidarity of this country, and he returned to Portugal determined to break down the power of the Church and aristocracy, which were strangling the commercial life of his country. He completely won the confidence of King Joseph I, and his power lasted as long as that sovereign lived. His activity after the earthquake of 1755 and his concern for the victims established his prestige with the population of Lisbon. A brutal butchery of an aristocratic family for an alleged attack on the King cowed the upper classes, and his expulsion of the Jesuits broke the domination of the Church. During his years of power he did much to strengthen the national life of his country and to beautify its capital city. When King Joseph died and was succeeded by a nervous priest-ridden woman, Pombal fell from power.

It has to be admitted at once that Mr. Cheke's book will hardly prove palatable reading for those genteel converts to Roman Catholicism whose historical studies seldom get further than Tudor England. It is an awful, almost an incredible, picture. There is, for example, King Joseph's predecessor of whom Voltaire wrote: "This monarch's gaieties were religious processions; when he took to building, he built monasteries, and when he wanted a mistress he chose a nun." At the end of his extremely wicked life the Church did not neglect his death-bed, which was surrounded by a motley collection of priests and friars waving before the dying man's eyes the image of Our Lady of Necessities and tending a lighted candle which they forced into the trembling grasp of their unconscious sovereign. It was this kind of thing which was stifled by Pombal in the reign of King Joseph. How quickly the old superstitions returned after that sovereign's death and Pombal's fall is well illustrated by Mr. Cheke. In the seventeenth century Portugal's foremost regiment had been allowed to inscribe on its roll of privates the name of St. Anthony of Padua. This mystical and ghostly figure was in due course promoted to the rank of captain. King Joseph's daughter and successor, Queen Maria, was besought to promote St. Anthony still further on the grounds "that he had always behaved like an officer and a gentleman." One of the earliest acts of her reign was to give St. Anthony his majority.

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should not deflect the reader from making inevitable contrasts between an eighteenth-century dictator and his twentieth-century successors. There was the same ruthlessness in dealing with political or religious opponents. There was the same (not wholly unhealthy) contempt for established diplomatic usage and custom. There was up to a point the same deification of the State, and Pombal in this connection went so far as to describe the clergy as "the most dangerous vermin that can gnaw at a State." The very vigour of the language seems almost prophetic. But there the similarity ends. The Portuguese monarchy, though it is an easy target for ridicule and contempt, stood between the people and a continuance of the dictatorship. No one could deny that much of Pombal's work was salutary in the extreme, but equally it cannot be denied that he finally antagonised the public. It is not wholly fantastic to suggest that if a modern dictator were to pursue a policy that was too bold even for his fellow-countrymen he might find that the monarchical tradition—still strong in parts of Germany and Italy—would prove a decisively controlling factor.

ROGER FULFORD

TWO MALTREATED LIBERALS

Madame de Staël. By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fénelon. By J. LEWIS MAY. *Burns Oates.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It was a surprise to find a new biography of Mme. de Staël, for it is only seven years since Dr. McNair Wilson's *Germaine de Staël* was published; but before this last no satisfactory biography had been written in this language, probably because Mme. de Staël's life is so bound up with the history of European politics during a period of such transcendent importance that her life cannot be divorced from its setting. Which is exactly what Miss Goldsmith has done. Dr. Wilson, in his introduction, put forward as his argument that the part played by Mme. de Staël was decisive, so much so, that for a period of about four weeks the fate of Europe largely depended on her activity; also that the influence she and her father exerted on the course of the French Revolution has been grossly underestimated, as has been her influence on the policy of Napoleon. Both Louis and Napoleon both understood, and showed by their actions that they understood, how formidable she was. Then Miss Goldsmith's book becomes clear; she is out to make Mme. de Staël a human Urweib. She leaves the background of her life, the Revolution, her father's zenith and decline, even her lovers, to swim vaguely round this "fat, rather untidy" woman. It is only natural that everyone from Alexander of Russia to Byron should fête her. I should call the author Feminist if it weren't such an unpleasant word, because her portrait is an up-to-date one, she feels a conscious comparison with the present day, and takes a twentieth-century view of the French Revolution. In other words, this is popular biography, which label will explain some deplorably racy sentences. By the end you know Mme. de Staël thoroughly, her likes and dislikes, and, provided you were a man, you could safely embark on a "progressive" conversation with her.

But the main issue has been ignored, for despite the singleness of her character, Germaine de Staël in mufti was never swept along by Mme. de Staël in full marching regalia. Her long feud with Napoleon was one of principle, not personal dislike, and she had chased him unashamedly when his real intentions were still masked beneath a Revolutionary cloak; an adherent of the Revolution, she had risked everything to rescue her Royalist friends. "Pauvre Minette, avec l'Esprit des Siècles, tu es toute enfant par le caractère," pronounces her father. The sub-title of this book is the Portrait of a Liberal in the Revolutionary Age, yet this is only the portrait of a Liberal; Miss Goldsmith has not visualised Mme. de Staël as an essential part of her age; she revolved with the whirlpool, she never stood at its centre.

Mr. May, on the other hand, has chosen a subject on whom there is still room for outstanding biography, for the existing ones fall either into the category of text-books, such as Janet, or Catholic Treatises, such as the Abbé Sanvert. This combines the worst qualities of both. The author has used Fénelon as a peg on which to drape Mr. May on mysticism, Mr. May on education, and as giving Mr. May a chance to quote from his *Cardinal Newman*, which he does frequently. In the well-known letter in which Fénelon describes his arrival on taking office as Prior of Carennac, I came on this translation: "Meanwhile from innumerable throats went up the joyous shout: 'He'll be the apple of our eye.'"

I found very little original in this book. Mr. May's erudition rings curiously second-hand, and his reasoning is superficial and often dogmatic. This, for instance:

> While the Protestants were the victims of stern and unrelenting repression, the atheists got off scot-free. Go to a Protestant conventicle, and it went hard with you; go nowhere at all, and you were left alone and nothing said. A most unchristian injustice some will exclaim . . . Yet some differentiation in the circumstances was neither so illogical nor so unjust. It was not illogical for this reason: an atheist is not a sectarian. He declines the mysteries of your religion, but he sets up no rival in its place. He may almost be regarded as a Catholic in abeyance.

Whereupon, from the best of motives, he points out that Protestants did just as much torturing as Catholics. Small wonder that he has misunderstood the Fénelon *tolérantisme*. He draws this fascinating but unbending figure as a benign parish priest, with an artificial *naïveté* in his support of that extraordinary mystic, so inextricably woven into his career, Mme. Guyon. Seventeenth-century France is very rosy through Mr. May's spectacles; even Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux, is a benevolent old gentleman, nobly understanding everybody's point of view. The externally liberal qualities of Fénelon are skimmed over, his setting and influence ignored. This is only a sermon, and not one that I should go very far to hear.

RAYMOND ALDERSON

EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT ANÆSTHETICS

90 per cent. of vivisection experiments in this country are done without anæsthetics. Some people assume that these are all procedures in which no serious suffering is involved. But read what the Home Office Inspector admitted:—

"It is certain that in some cases of this group, the infection or injection is followed by great pain.

"Tetanus toxin will produce tetanus, which we know to be a painful disease in man, and is manifested by convulsions which are of a painful nature; therefore one fears the animals are suffering pain similarly. And injection with plague makes the animals very ill."

(*Royal Commission, questions* 457-8.)

Other experiments without anæsthetics, such as poisoning, gas and "feeding" experiments, have also been admitted to cause great pain.

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The Handbook of British Birds. Vol 2. By H. F. WITHERBY, F. C. R. JOURDAIN, N. F. TICEHURST and B. W. TUCKER. *Witherby*, 25*s.* a vol; 5 vols., £5 5*s.*

The review of Volume One of this ornitholigy in these columns, made it plain that it is the best book on British Birds that has been produced. This second volume, which deals with the warblers, thrushes, swallows, woodpeckers and owls, confirms the verdict. The merits of *The Handbook* are that it combines clarity with scientific treatment and that the field notes of hundreds of different observers are here synthesised. There are coloured plates—small but extremely good—of every species of bird known to visit the British Isles. Even the rarest visitors are included. Those of all the breeding British species show juvenile plumage as well

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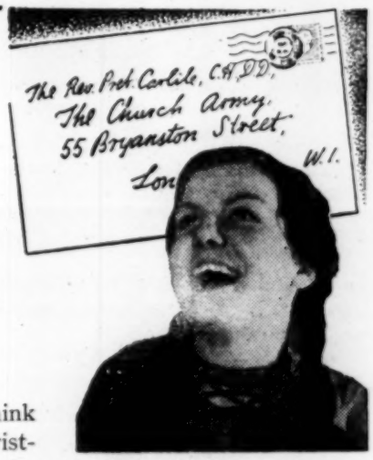

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as that of male and female. In many cases winter and summer variations are shown. There are also numerous illustrations in the text and maps to show distribution and migration.

In this volume there is a map to show the positions and dates of recoveries in Africa of swallows ringed in different parts of Europe. It shows that German swallows winter in Equatorial Africa, and that English swallows winter almost exclusively in the Eastern part of South Africa—Natal and the Eastern half of Cape Colony. Some Danish swallows winter with the English ones, others with the German. Another map shows the rate of spread of the swallow over Europe in the spring.

One interesting point which recently has been explained is how the Dipper walks under water in pursuit of its food. It is of about the same specific gravity as most birds, but has been frequently seen walking along the bottom of a stream. Anyone who has tried to crawl on the bottom of a swimming bath will understand the difficulty. The explanation is that the Dipper walks upstream and keeps its head down, presenting the inclined plane of its back to the current.

The only criticism I made when reviewing Volume One was that eggs and nests might well be illustrated. It is not only the egg-collector who wants to identify birds' eggs. It would complete the value of the handbook if the authors included illustrations of eggs in a supplement to Volume Five.

DAVID GARNETT

THE GERMANS IN GREECE

Exiles in the Aegean. By BERT BIRTLES. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Three years ago Greece was a republic; was one of the most genuinely democratic countries in Europe; and was bound to England by many strands of commercial and sentimental association. Greece now has a king, reconditioned after some years of storage in England. This king, restored to the throne probably with the approval of the British Government and certainly without the approval of his own subjects, supports and is supported by the dictatorship of General Metaxas, whose devotion to Germany has been notorious since 1915. By commercial treaty, by armament deals, by press and postal censorships, by persecutions, imprisonments and banishment, by savage police rule upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber, Metaxas has given Greece to Germany, who now has all the facilities she wants at that end of the Mediterranean.

Very little of all this has appeared in the English papers. One paper, which is so finnicky about its Russian news that it keeps its Russian correspondent outside Russia, has a representative in Athens who is *ex hypothesi* blind and *ex officio* dumb; he assured its readers, on May 21st, 1937, that Greece was enjoying "an unprecedented degree of internal calm and order." The know-alls of the press used to tell us, before October 1st, that gallant little Czechoslovakia was keeping Germany out of the Balkans. They are now explaining that everything is still quite all right, because Greece has always loved England, and so does Turkey (as we know by experience); and the British Government is lending millions to Turkey for rearmament, and more millions are going in that direction soon, because Turkey and Bulgaria will always love England, as Sir Edward Grey said in 1914; and anyhow Lord Lloyd has told the British Council to get busy, and the British Council are sending Sir Ronald Storrs to Bucarest to lecture about Col. Lawrence, and the Old Vic company to Athens to produce *Hamlet*.

With all these explanatory fountain pens dribbling about Europe, not to mention the Institute for Interminable Reports and Surveys queening it in St. James's Square, it is remarkable that this book should be the only record of three years in Greece which have turned a republic into a monarchy, a democracy into a dictatorship, and a friend of England into a slave of Germany.

It is the work of an extremely competent Australian journalist, and he seems to have written it almost by accident. He was coming to Europe to have a look round, and as his wife had preceded him by another route, he arranged to meet her in Greece so that they might have a short holiday together. Their meeting in that enchanted corner of Europe is described, with their discovery of Greek life and scenery. But as they were both ardent Communists it was also their introduction to local politics, of which they proceeded to make a passionate investigation. So we have here recorded, sometimes with excessive detail, but always at a reasonable temperature, the last struggles of Greek democracy. The restoration of the King (November, 1935) by a parliamentary trick of General Kondyles, who died soon afterwards while cleaning his teeth; the Elections of January, 1936, in which Republican and Venizelist Liberals won 134 seats, the two Royalist parties together 132, Communists 15, and General Metaxas (now Dictator) 7; the deadlock produced by the hesitations of the Liberals and by their fear of co-operating with the Communists; the King's choice of Metaxas as War Minister in March, 1936, and as Prime Minister in April, with the consent of the Liberals, who even trusted him with a vote of confidence allowing him to govern by decree for five months; the shooting down of unarmed strikers at Salonika in May; the continued jealousies and abstentions of all the constitutional leaders. Dr. Schacht visited Greece in June, and Dr. Goebbels in September. Metaxas seized absolute power in August, 1936, on the pretext of anticipating a general strike, and has been tightening his grip ever since.

In the intervals of observing these events Mr. and Mrs. Birtles succeeded in visiting two of the small Aegean islands which sheltered (not quite the right word) some of the many thousands of political exiles. All active opponents of the dictatorship are now classed as dangerous Communists and treated accordingly. At that time most of these exiles, starving on a government allowance of fivepence a day, were really Communists, or at least active trade unionists; and they celebrated the arrival of comrade Birtles with more than Russian loquacity. There were doctrinal arguments, discussions, confessions and life-stories. This long chronicle of poor men enduring persecution for the shocking crime of protesting against their poverty will dispose the most disillusioned reader to come down from his tower, and make him proud ever to have thought he would like to be a Communist. There is nothing here about what Engels said in 1877, and not much about what Stalin said the year before last; but a great deal about what Communism is like in practice, before it is corrupted by power, showing to what nobility ignorant and ordinary people may be inspired by their millennial hopes.

JOHN MAVROGORDATO

PICTURE BOOKS

The Romantic Ballet. By CYRIL W. BEAUMONT AND SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Faber.* 50*s.*

Seen in the Hadhramaut. By FREYA STARK. *John Murray.* 21*s.*

Sand and Sea in Arabia. By NORMAN LEWIS. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Costume and Fashion. THE TUDOR PERIOD. By HERBERT NORRIS. 2 vols. *Dent.* 63*s.*

Historical Costumes of England. By N. BRADFIELD, with a foreword by JAMES LAVER. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

Lear in Sicily. With an Introduction by GRANVILLE PROBY. *Duckworth.* 5*s.*

From Hogarth to Keene. By HENRY REITLINGER. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Verve. *Zwemmer.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The prettiest "gift-book" this year is *The Romantic Ballet*. No one can have visited the Mercury Theatre without admiring the collection of ballet lithographs collected by Mr. Ashley Dukes and Madame Marie Rambert. In this book there are over eighty illustrations, excellently reproduced, of such works. We see Taglioni, Elssler, Grisi, Duvernay, Cerrito and the lesser stars pirouetting or floating through the air, in the guise of vaporous nymphs, voluptuous Andalusians, or provocative Poles. The Romantic Ballet, immortalised in these delicious lithographs, enjoyed a short life, contemporary with the reign of Louis Philippe. There is now something agreeably comic, as well as charming and touching, about the atmosphere. Chalon was the best artist in this genre, but Brandard excelled in depicting "elevation" and Bouvier is hardly less delightful. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell writes well of the Romantic Ballet in his more informative vein, with none of the usual *cadenzas*, and Mr. Cyril Beaumont places some of his vast erudition at the reader's disposal, including in his catalogue of lithographs some not reproduced in the book. To amateurs of the ballet this beautifully produced book cannot be too warmly recommended.

Equally enjoyable in a different way, is *Seen in the Hadhramaut*, a collection of photographs taken by Miss Freya Stark in Southern

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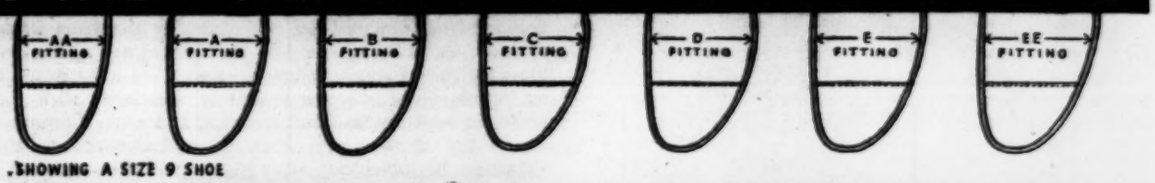

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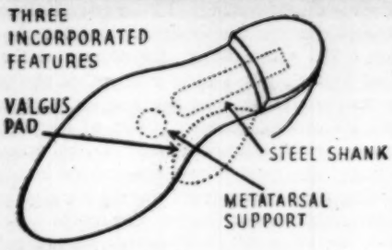

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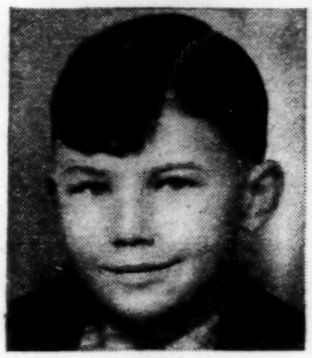

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Arabia. Men and beasts and landscapes are vividly presented, but it is the architecture that matters most. Miss Stark's concise comments show the nicest critical sense, and these buildings of mud, often whitewashed in bands, with crenellations and ornamented doorways, excite acute interest and admiration. Islamic architecture is too often thought of as the decadent style of the Granada Alhambra (or even of the Alhambra recently in Leicester Square). The noble mosques of Cairo are familiar to the traveller, but very few have seen these extraordinary cities of the Hadhramaut, in which Islam finds its most vigorous expression. Compared with the house-ramparts of Shibam, the simplicity of the Berkeley Square Air Ministry (one of the less bad of our recent buildings), appears empty and dead. The beauty of these Arabian buildings is organic, they are functional in the manner not of a piston but of a hand. Ornament, when it appears, is vigorous and as it were animal in its apparent spontaneity. One cannot look at these majestic photographs without feeling that the civilisation of the Hadhramaut is incomparably more human and dignified than the civilisation of Oxford Street and Park Avenue. In an interesting introduction Miss Stark, while praising the agents of the Colonial Office, complains that its activities are paralysed by the Treasury. Her writing and her photographs show intense aesthetic sensibility.

Mr. Norman Lewis, though apparently a professional photographer, has a less interesting eye than Miss Stark, and has not been to such astonishing places, but his views of Arabia are always good, and sometimes remarkable. The text of his book is also packed with interest. Southern Arabia, as revealed in these two books, seems the least spoiled country that remains, and one longs to go there before it becomes a playground for holiday cruisers.

Mr. Herbert Norris continues his history of European Costume with two volumes on the Tudor period. In the theatre antiquarianism is now, fortunately, out of fashion, but the clothes of our ancestors often throw curious sidelights upon their states of mind. Mr. Norris is regrettably uninformative in his references to codpieces, which to modern eyes are the most peculiar feature of Tudor costume. But his book is a mine of information upon chopines, aiglettes, and the fantastic elaborate fashions favoured by Queen Elizabeth and the hardly less queenly Henri III. The illustrations, taken from contemporary sources, are more informative than elegant. Mr. Norris explains the nature of such materials as coulters, carrells, cyprus, dornock, mockadoes, passamayne, shag, thrum and tiffany, of such colours as baesar, Dead Spaniard, goose-turd green, gozelinge, pimpillo and watchet. He is slightly inaccurate when he attributes the French colours astrée and celadon to the same period: these were named after characters in d'Urfé's book, which did not appear till some years after the time he treats. It is interesting to learn that a diamond that once glittered in the turban of the effeminate Henri III now belongs to the determined *châtelaine* of Cliveden. But the book is littered with fascinating facts about the human passion for self-adornment.

Miss Bradfield's book on English costumes contains 68 plates, reproducing her sketches of characteristic fashions. She begins with William the Conqueror and ends with George V. The accompanying notes are succinct, and an agreeable amateur pageant could be based upon the illustrations.

Lear in Sicily contains twenty line drawings made by Edward Lear when he went to Sicily in 1847 with a young gentleman called Proby, whose great-nephew contributes a pleasing introduction. The drawings, especially of the Troglodytes and the "Trinacria" leaving her eggs, will delight all Lear-lovers, and a coloured frontispiece shows his gift for water-colour landscapes. Only the nicest people deserve to be given this book.

Mr. Reitlinger's book on English illustration will specially interest collectors of drawings. The text is informative, and there are 87 illustrations, very well chosen from drawings by Francis Barlow, Mary Beale, Samuel Wall, James Seymour and Laroon, as well as from the more famous English draughtsmen.

The winter number of *Verve* is even superior to its predecessors, because less space has been given to arty photographs and more to the reproduction of illuminated manuscripts. The Rohan Hours and the hunting-scenes made for Gaston Phoebus, Comte de Foix, are superbly rendered in heliogravure. There are enlargements of miniature drawings, showing a fresco-like grandeur of design, a little known Courbet, a photograph of the scent of a rose, a version by Matisse of his Moscow *Danse*, some good illustrations by Derain, and by Doré, and a charming cover by Rouault, who also contributes an article. A story by Supervieille is delightful. Altogether this is the most intelligently sumptuous magazine we have ever come across

A GUILDSMAN'S MEMORIES

Pilgrim to the Left: Memoirs of a Modern Revolutionist. By S. G. HOBSON. *Edward Arnold.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. S. G. Hobson is best known to his contemporaries as the originator, jointly with the late A. R. Orage, of Guild Socialism, and as the manager and leading spirit in the National Building Guild, which ran its brief course during the years immediately after the Great War. But Mr. Hobson has had a far more varied life than this characterisation suggests. He has planted bananas in British Honduras, been actively associated with the metal trades in both England and America, and taken a prominent part in helping Russian and Finnish revolutionaries in the years following the Revolution of 1905. A man of outstanding personality, who has passed through so diversified an experience, ought, one would suppose, to have a great deal to say both about himself and about the interesting persons with whom he has been associated—the more so if in previous writings he has shown a remarkable capacity for getting his personality into what he writes. But *Pilgrim to the Left* is disappointing. Either Mr. Hobson has not taken enough trouble, or his craftsmanship has for the time being deserted him. He succeeds in presenting neither an intelligible portrait of himself nor a clear account of the movements in which he has taken part and the persons with whom he has been brought into living contact. Both of the Building Guild movement and of Guild Socialism generally, his account is *jejune* and unsatisfying. He says almost nothing of the actual working of the Building Guild movement during its great period of outstanding success; and the account of the forces which led to its collapse, while it may be substantially correct in its emphasis, is much too short and uninformative.

Mr. Hobson is in very much better form when he is dealing with his earlier experiences in the Socialist movement. He gives a lively account of his connections with the Fabian Society, and of his battles there with Shaw and the Webbs; and his book contains a series of incisive comments on the working of the I.L.P. under the leadership of MacDonald and Snowden. He also writes in lively fashion about his own youthful experiences, first in Northern Ireland where he was born, and then in London, Cardiff, and Bristol, where he made his contacts with the Socialist movement. But from this point onwards he becomes too fond of inserting almost irrelevant documents into his narrative, and the story itself becomes blurred and unconvincing. It is, for example, quite impossible to make out from the later chapters what Mr. Hobson has been driving at in the movements with which he has been associated in recent years. The "House of Industry" may be a good or a bad idea; but nobody can tell from the picture of it here what the idea is. G. D. H. COLE

Klondyke to Kenya. By FRED RAPER. *Skeffington.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The first chapter of this autobiography gives a clumsy picture of a dishonest Yorkshire farm boy. But as the book progresses we begin to admire his grit and determination; and, though he sometimes seems to have no more conscience than a cat or dog, several saving graces present themselves to our attention—his fidelity to his comrades (though he has one bad lapse), his frequent kindness of heart, and his exceptional efficiency and physical courage. In spite of an aggressive egotism, there is very little intrusion of boastfulness, and he makes no attempt to whiten himself, content with presenting his facts in crude, telling sentences. Though much too anecdotal, the book presents a very interesting story of an incorrigible rolling-stone—which, however, for a period after 1914, ceases to roll at its own will. For during the war Mr. Raper's remarkable, but undisciplined, powers are harnessed by the dominating machinery. He passes from the Belgian to the British Army in German East Africa, his efficiency being ultimately rewarded with the rank of major. Then, after the war years, he becomes engaged in prospecting, hotel-keeping, cattle-trading, and so on. Finally he sails to England in great luxury—though he had first crossed the Atlantic as a most miserable stowaway. Passages in this bewildering vagabond career (bewildering, because you don't always quite know whether Mr. Raper is a "wrong 'un" or a "white man") in the United States and Canada will remind readers of W. H. Davies's super tramp. In addition, there is a long, thrilling, and terrible description of the Gold Rush to Klondyke (by far the best part of the book) and a show-up of the criminal waste of money and animal life (mainly beautiful horses) in the African area of the war. And there are paragraphs which stick firmly in the head—in particular those which tell of his vision of the Polar Lights. Some of the stories are tall, but the general atmosphere of the book seems faithful to fact, though it is a pity it bears so many marks of scurry and slap-dash—for Mr. Raper can really write when he takes pains.

[We very much regret that in the article "Christmas Cards" in our last issue, Messrs. Heffer were unfortunately referred to as Messrs. Hopper.]

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

COMPLETE recordings of two of Puccini's principal operas head the month's lists. His Master's Voice issue a *Tosca* on 14 records, Parlophone a *Turandot* on 16. Of Puccini's popular works *La Tosca* is probably the poorest in musical content. The great and constant difficulty of opera is that plot-mechanism is an enemy of musical development: what the composer requires is a series of emotional or spectacular situations in which he can spread his wings. *Tosca* is a classic instance of watertight Sardou melodrama, and probably no one but Puccini could have compressed its elaborate detail into three short acts of continuous music. But he had to pay, musically, for his overwhelming dramatic instinct: the first two acts are carried on by means of scrappy, shoddy thematic fragments only just tolerable in the theatre and tedious in a gramophone or broadcast performance. Luckily the promise of the lovely apostrophe *Recondita armonia* at the beginning is redeemed in the third act, when the plot is virtually over and there is time for atmosphere and extended lyricism. Luckily, too, the present recording is at its best in the third act. From a mechanical point of view it is a triumphant success from beginning to end. The reproduction of the excellent Rome Opera Orchestra, conducted by Oliviero de Fabritiis, is staggeringly realistic, with a rich, deep bass and that tiny burr on the brass which is usually lost (notice the tuba in the opening bars). But, important as the Orchestra is, a Puccini performance lives or dies by its soloists; and they are—*Cavaradossi*, Gigli; *Tosca*, Caniglia; *Scarpia*, Armando Borgioli. By the present-day standards of Italian operatic singing these three are artists of the first quality; the appalling thing is, not only that these standards should have sunk so low, but that they seem to be reaching further depths every year. It has come to this, that every other quality of the singer's art is, in Italy to-day, sacrificed to volume; no doubt the vogue for performances in the open air accentuates this tendency. Certainly *Tosca* is a violent opera, but the great artists who established its pre-war fame (Caruso, De Lucia, Destinn, Ternina, Eames, Scotti) found many opportunities for subtle and delicate effects. In this album there is scarcely a note below *fortissimo*; Gigli's *Recondita armonia* is an iron-throated bellow guaranteed to reach the farthest corner of the Baths of Caracalla; Borgioli catches Scarpia's cruelty and power, but never his irony; and Caniglia makes of the gentle Tosca such a blood-curdling virago that one would hardly be surprised if Scarpia were to turn and stab *her* after her *Vissi d'arte*. Even the shepherd-boy, whose *aubade* is heard away on the hills "*molto lontano*" at the beginning of the third act, is allowed to squawk at full blast into the microphone. After this, however, things improve artistically, and I can cordially recommend the last three records of the set to all but those who remember the tone and style that were once lavished on this music.

Admirers of *Turandot* are happier; except for the small, pathetic role of Liù, it has never received, and does not to the same extent demand, the golden tones of *bel canto*. The essential vocal qualities in a Turandot are loudness, coldness and a sort of bitter radiance; and these Gina Cigna is well able to supply, especially the first. The Prince's part is less interesting, and Francesco Merli, though inadequately lyrical, is adequately heroic; while Magda Olivero, apart from an unfortunate cascade of sobs after *Signore, ascolta*, sings meltingly as Liù. The excellent E.I.A.R. Orchestra is conducted by Franco Ghione, and if only the recording had been on the high level of last year's *Norma* this would have been a splendid set. But something has gone wrong, and although the volume is terrific and few sides are negotiable except by steel there is a sad absence of bass and a general watering-down of the barbaric splendour of the score. The great stroke on the gong ("il funesto gong," as Ping calls it), which forms the climax of the first act, would bring a smile to the lips of many an English butler. The lack of depth is unfortunate, since so much of the finest music in *Turandot* is massive: the choruses in the first act, for example, and the great spectacular ensemble in the second. I find it is a score which grows on one. At a first hearing musical listeners are often repelled by the obvious touches of *chinoiserie*—xylophone, pentatonic scale, and so on. Later, they perceive the extreme originality and beauty of such things as the *Invocazione alla luna* or the nostalgic middle section of the Ping-Pang-Pong trio (which at first seems merely quaint). Try these passages—sides 3 and 11, and do not omit to follow the words, which are charming and essential. If Puccini had only lived to write the final duet, *Turandot* would be what Gerald Abraham has called it—"by far the most satisfactory operatic work produced during the last quarter of a century." Alfano's ending is little more than a patchwork of Puccini's motifs, but it is a pity that his best and most original page (Turandot's solo *Dal primo pianto*) should have been cut, and the last side filled with a bombastic *Inno a Roma* by Puccini himself.

Of the remaining December records which I have heard (gaps are unavoidable in these notes, for I do not receive everything), three are outstanding: Boyd Neel's completion of the Handel *Concerti Grossi* on six Deccas, Weingartner's Brahms *Third Symphony* (L.P.O., 4 Cols.), and Gieseking's Debussy *Preludes* Book I (7 small Cols. with the previously issued *Cathédrale Engloutie*). As before, the Handel concertos take two records apiece, and I have nothing to add to my previous praise of music, playing and recording except that the string tone has now quite lost the deadness which some earlier Boyd Neel recordings showed. It is difficult to choose one of the three concertos; at the moment

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Dear Margaret,

Thank you so much for asking me what I'd like for Christmas—the answer is a Record Token. I'm sure you'll be pleased as it will save you from having to choose something and wondering whether I shall like it, and you can bet that I shall be delighted to receive it! What could be nicer than being able to choose my own records without having to pay for them?

The Tokens work in the same way as Book Tokens and are got up in the form of greeting cards, something like this

They look very nice on the mantelpiece amongst the Christmas cards.

Well, now you know what I want, and I've already seen your list, so I'll say goodbye until Christmas Day.

Love Jack

P.S. I forgot to say that these Record Tokens can only be obtained from E.M.G. Hand-Made Gramophones, 11 Grape St. W.C.2. You can get them for any value from 3/- up to the price of a radiogram—no, that's not a hint!

J.

my preference is for the extrovert A major, sumptuously and splendidly planned, but to-morrow it might be the D minor or B minor. The fact is that throughout his Op. 6 Handel is somewhere near the top of his form. The Brahms No. 3 is also one of the richest and most rewarding of its composer's works; there is a reaction to-day against the thickness of Brahms's texture (with their inevitable attendant thirds and sixths his themes always seem to have their winter overcoats on) but no musician should be able to resist the blend of romance and classicism in the architecture, which contains instances of "cyclic" thematic transformation more expressive and beautiful than anything in the out-and-out Romantics. The choice between Weingartner's version and that of Bruno Walter with the Vienna Philharmonic on H.M.V. is purely one of personal taste; as you would expect, Walter stresses the romantic, Weingartner the classical element. A new recording of Brahms's *First Symphony* also appears, from Telefunken: Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Jochum, five records. I am told, and can believe, that on large electric gramophones this recording shows itself among the finest yet made; but I have no doubt that for humbler instruments the Walter set on H.M.V. is far more desirable. On interpretative grounds, Herr Jochum seems notably inferior to Herr Walter—note the former's unsteady *tempo* at the opening of the *allegretto* and lack of nervous tension on the last side.

The Debussy *Preludes* are among the most beautiful piano records I have heard: both to Gieseking and to Columbia we owe gratitude for so rich a succession of varied tone-colour. Debussy was one of the first musicians to use his eyes, and out of these sensuous transcriptions of *choses vues* his instinctive French sense of balance and order created a set of dazzling landscapes and seascapes. Gieseking preserves both colour and proportion in a masterly style. I have been unable to make a proper comparison between his set and the authoritative version of Cortot on H.M.V., but, if space allows, I will attempt one next month. The remainder of this month's issues must be compressed into tabular form:

His Master's Voice.—Mozart: *Musikalischer Spass*, K. 522, Kolisch Qt. and two horns, 4 sides. Abert devotes several pages to explaining the subtlety of this jest at the expense of incompetent players and composers, but few people could bear to listen to it more than once. Corelli: *Christmas Concerto* (Op. 6, No. 8), Walter and L.S.O., 4 sides. A lovely set, in spite of Walter's tendency to lavish too much expression on the famous concluding Pastorale. Grieg: *Suite "Aus Holbergs Zeit,"* London String Orch. (Goehr), 4 sides. Delicious imitation of eighteenth-century idiom; Grieg seems relieved to escape for once from the cloying harmonies of nineteenth-century romanticism. Curious how many composers are at their best in the string orchestra medium (Elgar, Tchaikovsky, Bliss, Britten). Simultaneous recording of the Grieg by Boyd Neel on Decca not received; but it costs eighteen shillings against H.M.V.'s eight.

Columbia.—Mozart: *"Paris" Symphony*, K. 297, Beecham and L.P.O., 5 sides (fill-up, snippets from *Origin of Design* (Handel)). A work which would not have been so censured by critics (and composer too) if they could have heard such a performance as this; charming *rococo* slow movement. Vaughan Williams: *Serenade to Music*, 16 soloists and B.B.C. Orchestra (Wood), 4 sides. Setting of the famous lines from the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*, in honour of Wood's Jubilee, and in V.-W.'s most euphonious style; some very lovely passages almost dispel our feeling that this poetry defies the addition of music, being pure music itself. Beethoven: *Violin Sonata*, Op. 24 ("Spring"), Lener and Keutner, 6 sides. A stream of fresh, irresistible melody, the ideal present for a man who "doesn't think he cares for Chamber Music." Delightful performance, a little less distinguished in style than the Busch-Serkin, but better recorded. A Kraus-Goldberg version is, however, said to be on the way. Liszt: *Fantasia on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens,"* Petri, Heward and L.P.O., 3 sides. Recording of the same superlative quality as last month's A major concerto applied to a slighter but amusing and attractive piece. In both issues the last side is occupied by one of Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert *lieder*, last time *Gretchen*, now *Lindenbaum;* musicians admire these, but they seem to me abominably vulgar, e.g., the extension and harmonisation of the last verse of *Lindenbaum*. Chopin: *Scherzo in E minor*, Op. 20, Kitain, 2 sides. Excellent, especially in the *agitato* sections. Offenbach: *Gaieté Parisienne*, Kurtz and L.P.O., 4 sides. Noisy, vulgar scoring (by whom?) of suave and saucy tunes.

Parlophone.—Wagner: *Tristan Prelude and Liebestod*, E.I.A.R. Orchestra (La Rosa Parodi), 4 sides. Not comparable to the recent Furtwängler version, but good value at a cheaper price. Chopin: *Etude in F major*, Op. 10, No. 8 and *Tarantelle*, Op. 43, Claudio Arran. Masterly technique and interpretation, recalling Rachmaninoff (I know no higher praise); recording old but not bad, 10-inch record.

Telefunken.—Wagner: *Siegfrieds Rheinfahrt*, Berlin Philharmonic (Schmidt-Isserstedt), 2 sides. Brilliantly clean recording of one of the richest symphonic moments in the *Ring*, marred only by persistent flatness in the top note of the horn call. Beethoven: *Egmont Overture*, Berlin Philharmonic (Jochum), 2 sides. A fine recording which does not quite rival the great Weingartner version on Columbia. Grieg: *Two Elegiac Melodies*, Berlin Philharmonic (Schmidt-Isserstedt), 2 sides. Pleasantly nostalgic and melodious strains, excellently played. Mozart: *Porgi amor* from *Figaro* and *Ach, ich fühl's* from *Zauberflöte*, Aulikki Rautawaara, 2 sides. Faithful reproduction of Glyndebourne's Countess and Pamina, but remember that the solo singing is not Glyndebourne's outstanding attraction.

It may be useful, at this time of year, to run briefly over the really outstanding records of the past twelve months, in which recording, performance and (of its kind) music are all of first-rate quality:

H.M.V.—Monteverdi Album, Maggie Teyte Debussy Album, Sibelius Soc. Vol 5, Mozart *C minor Concerto* (Fischer), Mozart *Adagio and Fugue* (Busch), Dvorak *Cello Concerto* (Casals), Beethoven Op. 132 (Busch Qt.), Brahms *Tragic Overture* (Toscanini), Chaliapine *Boris*, Brahms *Clarinet Quintet* (Busch), Flagstad *Oberon* and *Ah perfido!* Mozart *D major Quintet* (Pro Arte), Beethoven *First Symphony* (Toscanini), Schubert *C major Symphony* (Walter), *lieder* sung by Elisabeth Schumann (DA 1620 and DB 3600).

COLUMBIA.—Beethoven *Egmont Overture* (Weingartner), Haydn *Symphony No. 93 in D* (Beecham), Weber *Oberon Overture* (Beecham), Liszt *A major Concerto* (Petri), Mahler *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* (Thorborg), Brahms *Third Symphony* (Weingartner), Debussy *Preludes* (Gieseking), Liszt *B minor Ballade* (Kentner).

PARLOPHONE.—Beethoven *Violin Sonata*, Op. 96 (Kraus-Goldberg), Mozart arias (Tauber), *Don Carlo* aria (Pasero), Rachmaninoff *Preludes* (Joyce), Schubert *Piano Sonata*, Op. 143 (Kraus).

DECCA.—Walton *Viola Concerto*, Benjamin Britten *Variations*, 2 vols. of Handel *Concerti Grossi* (Boyd Neel).

TELEFUNKEN.—Handel *Double Concerto* (von Benda), Schubert *Symphony No. 5 in B flat* (von Benda), Hugo Wolf *lieder* (Schmitt-Walter.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 458

Set by L. W. Bailey

Suppose that Mr. Chamberlain is found murdered in the lobbies of the House of Commons, and suspicion falls equally on Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and Mr. Gallacher. The usual prizes are offered for the best discussion of the problem (in not more than 300 words) between one of the following couples: Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson; Poirot and Hastings; Lord Peter Wimsey and Bunter; Nigel Strangeways and Georgia; Mr. and Mrs. A. (from "The Ascent of F.6"); Bertie Wooster and Jeeves. Competitors may use their imagination in the invention of details and circumstantial evidence.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor next week by first post on THURSDAY, DEC. 22nd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 456

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a new Aesop fable on any persons or situations in contemporary politics.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

The entries for this competition were disappointingly conventional and similar and I must send special thanks to W. R. Y., who relieved

The
Economic Journal

The Quarterly Journal of the Royal Economic Society

DECEMBER, 1938

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CONTENTS:

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Stability and Full Employment - -	N. Kaldor
Price Dispersion in Periods of Change	H. W. Singer
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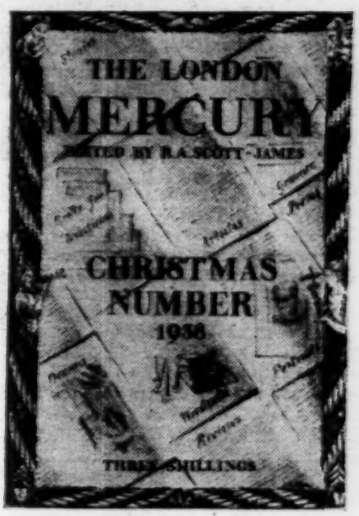
Edited by R. A. SCOTT-JAMES
DECEMBER

Christmas Number



TWELVE FULL-PAGE PLATES
and an
Illustrated Guide
to
Christmas Books

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

E. M. Forster
W. B. Yeats
V. S. Pritchett
Elizabeth Bowen
Mazo de la Roche
Rabindranath Tagore

BOOK REVIEWS include LIDDELL-HART on T. E. Lawrence's Letters, and the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. FISHER on Lloyd George's "Truth About the Peace Treaties."

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the hackneyed carnival of tigers, lions, foxes, cockerels, lambs, eagles and rabbits with a modest and startling armadillo. It is news to me that the spittle of the eagle is poisonous and that, dropped upon the armadillo's shell, it can bore into it like acid; but whether this is so or not, it is all rather elaborate for fable. Simplicity, economy, dexterity in writing and an original sense of the cunning and individual character of animals are needed for the successful fable. The lion and the cock, grown old, have to save their faces as best they can while the fox or the eagle makes off with the lamb—competitors were extraordinarily unanimous about their subject. I knew I should get a good deal of it. F. J. Connell's was about the best of this majority; and Pax must be mentioned for a sinister feeding-time title, The Munching Agreement, which he did not live up to. E. Davis's "There was once a British Lion" had the success of brief effrontery; and I would like to quote one or two of the anti-Left ones to show what a broad-minded chap I am, but they were not fables so much as elaborate arguments. The tendency everywhere was to be too elaborate. Alan R. Thomas broke new ground with his Sham Berlin and the Holly Brolly.

"Sham Berlin," said his people sorrowfully, "if you do not clasp the wondrous Brolly very tightly, you will lose it, and that will be a Veritable Catastrophe!" But Sham Berlin merely filled his mouth with meal, and went his way . . ." This is clever but the high level was not maintained.

Outside the Munich obsession, Pibwob started well but ended awkwardly about Marx and chess; E. H. Bedwell was not neat enough about the censorship and M. Chisholm was obscure about our passion for foreigners and our neglect of our friends. Alan R. Thomas, Towanbucket, E. Davis and the armadillo were in the finals. I do not think Towanbucket's as clever as Mr. Thomas's but it is more consistently good of its kind throughout. So Towanbucket has the first prize and E. Davis the second.

FIRST PRIZE

A Lion, grown amiable to the verge of foolishness from having ruled long unquestioned, was persuaded by a Fox and a Tiger that, for the King of Beasts, he was not keeping up with the times. "How so?" asked the Lion, anxiously. "Claws are no longer worn," said the Fox, whereupon the Lion had his claws clipped close. "Anything else?" he asked the Fox, who replied: "Yes, indeed. Your Majesty has far too many teeth. We're all friends here and teeth are quite gone out." When the Lion had had his teeth extracted, one after the other, he grinned foolishly and said: "Now I feel thoroughly up to date; I like these new friendly fashions." But the Fox and the Tiger laughed in his face, and told him contemptuously that now he was without teeth and claws, he had better stop giving himself regal airs.

Don't count on disinterested counsel from envious inferiors.

TOWANBUCKET

SECOND PRIZE

There was once a British Lion. E. DAVIS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 311.—MY DEAR, TOO DOTTY

"Not difficult to find," writes a friend, "is the key to the enclosed code message—solved by precisely two in seven of those who had a stab at it."

The message is:

VNAOO CVPUI ANFLC
ILRGS DEPEA RETOI

Can you decode it?

PROBLEM 309.—FORM FOURS

I shall require at least another fortnight to investigate the answers to this problem. Too many of our solvers know too much.

PROBLEM 308.—THE GREAT PAT-BALL CONTROVERSY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Robert Beveridge, 28 Morton Street, Portobello, Midlothian. *Eight* points are awarded.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

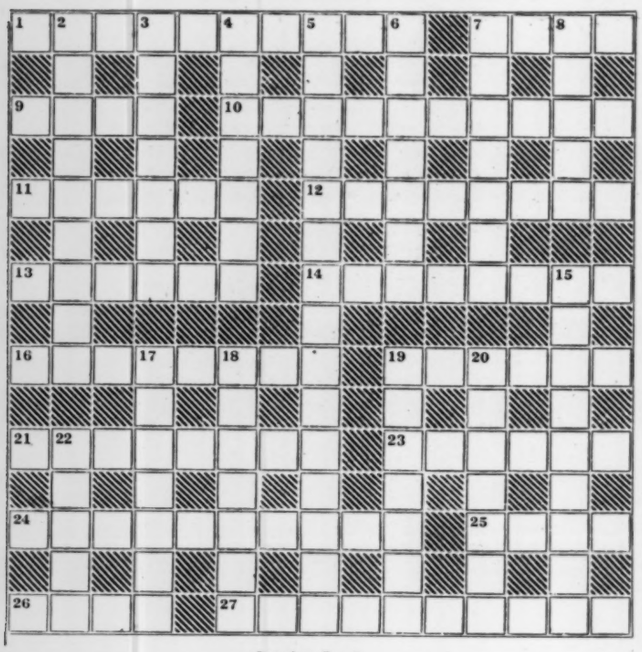
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 458

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Miss Amy Nicholson, 1 Lambton Road, Stockton-on-Tees

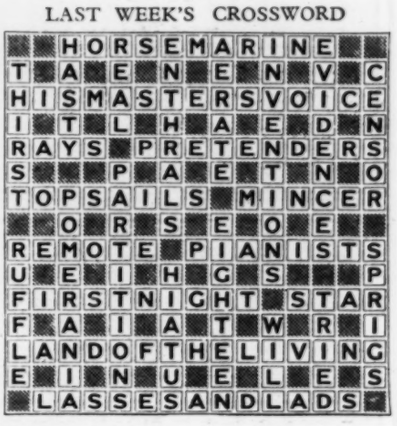
ACROSS.

1. Building in liquidation? (10)
7. See 5 (4)
9. Got put upon by another mount. (4)
10. Naturally they are capped. (10)
11. How the mighty Saul and Jonathan are. (6)
12. The novice takes it for expulsion. (8)
13. This is anatomically synchronised of course. (6)
14. The Danes rushed about. (8)
16. He does a put up job. (8)
19. About actors and actresses. (6)
21. Deserted in Africa. (8)
23. How he is armed "that hath his quarrel just." (6)
24. Where one should get a drink of port? (10)
25. The first man to make a barrage. (4)
26. He gets points according to his age. (4)
27. Depression caricatured in the *Evening Standard*? (10)

DOWN.

2. The sort of person who might have pledged himself. (9)
3. One shoulders it in uniform. (7)
4. Reverse of being sent down? (7)
5 & 7 across. The "spectral" finish. (15)
6. Makes a plaintiff answer again. (7)
7. One peels it correspondingly. (7)
8. Do make it long. (5)
15. Trans-Atlantic landline seen by those who go west. (9)
17. Where you might get stuck for fuel. (7)
18. Neptune's fool? (7)
19. Vehicle in which Cinderella went to the party? (7)
20. "He left a ——'s name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes." (7)
22. The girl goes up and down to physical training. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND, JOHANNESBURG.

Special Lecturer in Native Law and Administration.

Applications are invited by the Council of the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, for appointment to a special lectureship in Native Law and Administration, in the Department of Bantu Studies.

The appointment will be for a period of three years in the first instance.

Assumption of Duties: March 1st, 1939, or as soon as possible thereafter.

Salary: £400 per annum. (Half salary will be paid for the period from the date of leaving England to the date of assumption of duties in Johannesburg.)

Transport: £60 will be contributed towards the cost of passage, and first-class rail fare will be refunded for the journey from Cape Town. (A similar contribution will be made in respect of return from South Africa if the appointment is not renewed at the end of the period of three years.)

Duties: The Lecturer will be required to deal with the subjects of Bantu Customary Law, Native Administration with special reference to Southern Africa, and Comparative Native Administration.

Further information and forms of application may be obtained from The High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square London, W.C.2, with whom applications in triplicate must be lodged not later than Saturday, December 24th, 1938.

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SECRETARIAL-TYPIST.

Applications are invited for a vacancy as Secretarial-Typist. Maximum salary, £220; starting salary dependent on age, qualifications and experience. Good education, training, qualifications, and experience required. Candidates must be under 40.

Application forms and further information may be obtained by sending a stamped and addressed envelope to the undersigned. Forms must be returned by Saturday, December 24th.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

WALL STREET—HOME RAILS—TIN OUTLOOK—STEEL PRICES AND SHARES

WALL STREET has apparently decided that it need not wait until the end of the year before going better. Technically the market has been behaving well, that is, the volume of turnover has shrunk on selling and has tended to rise on buying. Apparently "tax selling" is now being outweighed by the amount of new buying prompted by the excellent trade statistics, so that in the last few days the market seems to have re-established the upward trend. The rise, however, had little effect upon London. In the early part of the week the tone on the London Stock Exchange was slightly better—whether it was due to Sir John Simon's optimism about the trade outlook or the Prime Minister's snub to the German press it is difficult to say—but little or no business resulted except in home railway stocks. This market was encouraged by Dr. Burgin's remark, in submitting the railway claims to the Railway Advisory Council, that there was a *prima facie* case for the de-restriction of railway goods charges. Speculative buyers of railway stocks should, however, remember that it may be towards the end of next month before a decision is reached by the Minister of Transport and that, even if it is favourable to the railways, it would not immediately have any effect upon railway net earnings.

* * *

It speaks well for the efficiency of the control that the price of tin should have remained steadily around £215 per ton in spite of political alarms and somewhat apathetic buying in the market. It was decided at the last international tin committee meeting that the present quotas (35 per cent. + 10 per cent. for the buffer pool) should be continued until the 31st March, which means increasing the buffer pool by 5,000 tons to 15,000 tons. As the buffer pool under the rules of its constitution has to appear as "Standard Tin" in the United Kingdom as soon as possible, it has had the desirable effect of bringing into the light of day metal which would otherwise have been warehoused unofficially by smelters. If it had not been for this change, the decline in the world's visible supply of tin would have been much larger. At the end of November the total visible supply (29,371 tons) was about 20 per cent. of the current rate of consumption. Of this total about 6,000 tons were held by the buffer pool, leaving about 16 per cent. of consumption as free stocks. Apparent consumption for the first nine months of this year came to 115,300 tons, an average of 12,600 tons a month. American consumption is still considerably below normal. Indeed, for the twelve months ended September, it amounted to only 59,200 tons against 83,500 tons in the previous twelve months. However, American demand is now gradually improving and it seems probable that total world consumption in the next three months will average not less than 11,000 tons a month. Total production from the restricting and non-restricting countries will be at the rate of under 10,500 tons a month for the period up to March 31st, 1939, which will include 1,725 tons a month for the buffer pool. Indeed, it is possible that outside production, as a result of the invasion of South China by Japan, will fall below the current level of 2,000 tons per month, so that free stocks may be reduced at least by an amount equivalent to the quantity taken by the buffer pool. The stability of tin prices seems, therefore, assured. However, there is not much point in buying tin-producing shares while the quota remains at its present low level. I still prefer, therefore, London Tin 4*s.* shares, which have now fallen to 3*s.* 4½*d.* as the cheapest medium for investment in the tin-producing industry. London Tin may not maintain its 7 per cent. dividend but a dividend of 5 per cent. is not impossible—to yield £8 6*s.* per cent.

* * *

The new steel prices announced by the British Iron and Steel Federation, to take effect for six months from January 1st, represent for the most part a 6 per cent. reduction, with cuts of up to 8½ per cent. in some types of heavy steel products. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has characterised the concessions as inadequate; but the steel manufacturers' reply is to point to the rigidity of their own raw material and other costs. Steel scrap has fallen by 8*s.* 6*d.* per ton, representing about 4*s.* per ton in steel output costs, and coke is somewhat cheaper. Otherwise costs are much the same as they were a year ago. The Federation claims that it is speculating in fact on demand responding to lower prices sufficiently to ensure a substantial saving in overheads. That a reduction in prices was desirable is beyond dispute. The re-stocking movement on consumers' part, which carried 1937 steel output up to a figure of nearly 13 million tons, ended decisively a year ago. From 1,178,000 tons in November, 1937, output fell to 659,000 tons last August; and, though there has been a recovery to 860,000 tons last month, production for 1938 will not represent more than 75 per cent. of capacity.

* * *

The stock market's reaction to the new price schedules was not pronounced. Leading steel producers' shares mostly gained "the turn," but prices are still on a yield-basis which discounts a considerable reduction in future earnings:

	High, 1938.	Present Price.	Div. %	Gross Yield, % £ s. d.
Baldwins 4/- ..	9/4½	5/4½	10	7 8 9
John Brown 10/- ..	33/10½	30/9	17½ net	7 17 0
Colvilles £1	26/3	20/1½	8	7 19 0
Dorman Long £1 ..	34/3	23/-	10	8 13 9
United Steel £1 ..	27/10½	22/6	10	8 17 9

These yields are tempting. Dorman Long may have too large a stake in building to justify a higher market valuation, but both John Brown and United Steel seem conservatively priced, at any rate, on the outlook for the next twelve months or so. Making due allowance for the slump in merchant shipbuilding, armament demand should sustain a high level of activity for both firms at least in 1939. At the same time, taking a longer view, investors should ask themselves whether the steel industry's price-fixing policy is calculated ultimately to secure prosperity for shareholders. Even after the new prices come into force, British steel prices will be nearly 20 per cent. higher than in 1929—an increase out of all proportion to the general trend of industrial finished prices—and they will be still much in excess of Continental steel prices. The principle now adopted, that steel prices must be conditioned by production costs, and not governed by consumers' demand or ability to pay, is a dangerous one. Pressed to its logical conclusion it would mean that in a depression, when demand was low and overheads increased, prices should be at their maximum. The most hopeful feature of the price announcement is that the situation will be reviewed in six months' time.

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Company Meeting

WOOLWICH EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY

MR. FRED HOAR'S ADDRESS

THE 91st Annual General Meeting of the Woolwich Equitable Building Society was held on December 13th in London.

The Chairman, Mr. Fred Hoar, in moving the adoption of the Directors' Report and Accounts, said that before he made any reference to the Balance Sheet and the work of the past year he would like to express on behalf of his brother directors and himself their deep regret at the loss they had sustained during the year through the death of their late Vice-Chairman, Sir Ernest Kemp, and he was sure that regret was shared by all those shareholders who had known him.

The Board deplored, too, the fact that they were parting with their old colleague, Mr. Quick, but here it was a case of one who was taking a rest he had so well earned.

INVESTORS' INTEREST RATE INCREASED TO 3½ PER CENT.

The Chairman reminded his listeners that in 1935 he had had to deplore with them the fact that a reduction in the interest paid to investors had been necessary. Now, as they already knew, from 1st January next the Society would be able to increase the rate of interest on new investment shares to 3½ per cent. and from the same date shareholders who had been receiving 3 per cent. would have their interest raised to 3½ per cent. In addition, he would like to remind the shareholders that the liability of members for Income Tax continued to be borne by the Society.

RESERVES NOW NEARLY £2,000,000.

The Board was especially pleased to be able to do this because, if it had not been for the confidence shown in them by their members during the past few years of low interest rates, this increase would not have been possible. They felt justified in the course they had taken because, as could be seen from the Report, in spite of the exceptionally anxious year through which they had passed they had been able to place a further £200,000 to reserve, making the total reserve only £200,000 short of £2 million. This was the result of 91 years' steady growth, and (the Chairman felt he was justified in saying) of cautious and careful methods of business.

The total amount of their assets invested in mortgages upon freehold and leasehold property amounted to just under £36,000,000 and the average amount due on each mortgage was about £520. The Chairman said he mentioned this because of the anxiety felt by some during the Crisis, on account of risk to property through aircraft damage, but it could be seen how this was minimised by the fact that these investments were spread over the whole of the country.

The Board was also anticipating with some confidence a proposal of the Government for some provisions against loss through damage by enemy aircraft.

A movement so vast as that of the Building Societies of this country of course received occasionally adverse criticism, but the Chairman said he would invite the attention of these critics to the fact that the Woolwich Equitable Building Society had again this year remitted to their old borrowers a rebate of £80,000, and that from 1933 to 1938 they had altogether conceded to these borrowers rebates amounting to no less a sum than £450,000.

SOCIETY'S STABILITY UNSHAKEN BY CRISIS.

As the Report showed, they had invested in Trustee securities close on £3 million, and as it was known how Trustee securities had suffered in value during the year, it was especially gratifying to be able again to report that on 30th September, 1938, they stood on the Society's books at less than their market value by as much as £66,587.

The Society had been entirely successful in withstanding the undoubted repercussions on Building Societies and all other financial institutions caused by the Crisis of the closing days of September. It had emerged from these anxious days with its reputation undiminished and the faith of its members unshaken.

TAXATION.

In the accounts for the year to 30th September, 1931, the assets of the Society had amounted to £21,000,000 and the total Income Tax charge was £26,716. This year assets were £39,000,000, while Income Tax and N.D.C. together cost the Society £195,000—a sevenfold increase in seven years. The Chairman said that, what was more, he feared that they had still to reach the limit of Building Society taxation.

Through all the fluctuations of the financial world during the years the Society had been in existence, its Shareholders had received their dividends with clockwork regularity, and, as the Balance Sheet showed, their capital remained secure in a practically impregnable position.

The adoption of the Directors' Report and Accounts was seconded by the Vice-Chairman, Air-Commodore E. G. Dixon, O.B.E., J.P., and carried by the members present.

Company Meeting

BRITISH TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

SIR WALROND SINCLAIR'S ADDRESS.

THE annual general meeting of the British Tyre and Rubber Company, Limited, was held on December 8th in London.

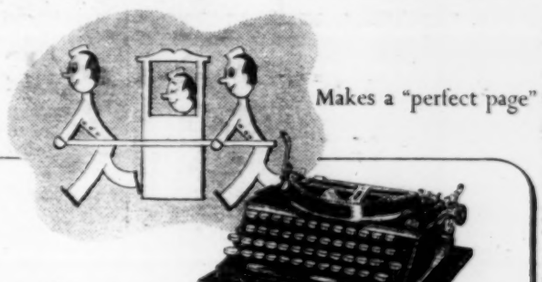
Sir Walrond Sinclair, K.B.E. (the chairman and managing director), said that trading conditions during the year had been much less favourable than those in 1937, and it was therefore with particular satisfaction that the directors presented a report clearly indicating further steady progress. As foreshadowed last year the directors had extended the interests of the company by acquiring interests in the Spalding companies and in a newly-erected rubber factory in South Africa. They had had a close manufacturing relationship with Messrs. Spalding for many years; in fact, some products had been partly manufactured in their own works and finished in the others'. The inclusion of British Spalding in the group, therefore, was an entirely logical move.

Financing those acquisitions had naturally meant a reduction in surplus liquid assets, which, however, were still ample for present needs with the necessary margin for all possible contingencies. There was a total available for appropriation of £216,246, and the directors now recommended a final dividend of 4½ per cent. with a cash bonus of 2 per cent. bringing the total distribution to 10 per cent.

This was now the seventh consecutive year in which there had been a progressive increase in the company's profits, during which period industry as a whole had seen wide fluctuations. That the company in such a period had been able steadily to increase its earnings year by year was, he thought, a tribute to the stability of the business, the consistent quality of its products, the efficiency of its service organisations and the soundness of its financial policy. Stability was the word he wanted to emphasise. The company had made no excessive profits in good times, and had suffered no exceptional setbacks in bad times—the ideal, he submitted, at which every industrial company should aim.

As to the future, they appeared to be starting the new financial year under more favourable conditions, while the quality of the company's products continued to be as greatly appreciated as ever, and they now had the additional asset of the valuable goodwill in the name of Spalding.

The report was adopted.



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APOLLO. Windfall. Tues. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. Babes in the Wood. Daily 2.0

GLOBE. Robert's Wife. Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

PALACE. Under Your Hat Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. Gentleman Unknown. Wed., Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.

SAVILLE. Geneva. Wed., Sat.

SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Thurs. & Sat.

VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., S.

WESTMINSTER. Marco Millions. Dec. 28

WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed., Sat.

OPERA & BALLET

SADLERS' WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.
2*d.* 'bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tues., Dec. 20th. 8.0. RIGOLETTO.
Wed., Dec. 21st. 7.45. THE SNOW MAIDEN (Rimsky-Korsakov).
Thurs., Dec. 22nd. 8.30. BALLET — LES SYLPHIDES, THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, BAISER DE LA FEE.
Fri., Dec. 23rd. 8.0. FAUST with Full Ballet.
Sat., Dec. 24th. Christmas Eve. Theatre Closed.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611). Closed Dec. 19th - 23rd
Sat., Dec. 24th, at 8.15 only
Next week: Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Mon., Tue., Sat., 2.30
BOBBY HOWES in
BOBBY GET YOUR GUN

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Boxing Day, Wednesday & Friday, 2.30.
SPRING MEETING
Closed 19th–24th. Reopening Boxing Day, Matinee 2.30.

APOLLO. Gerrard 2663.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. and Sat., 2.30.
WINDFALL
by Howard Irving Young and Jeffrey Dell.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
Xmas week & Jan. 2, 7, 14, twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DRURY LANE. (TEM. 7171), DEC. 23rd, at 7.30.
SUBS. TWICE DAILY, 2.0 & 7.45.
"BABES IN THE WOOD"
G. S. MELVIN, FAY COMPTON,
JACK EDGE, GRETA FAYNE.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
CHRISTMAS WEEK DAILY, 2.30 and 8.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS

DUKE OF YORK'S. No perfs. Dec. 19–24.
Reopen Boxing Day. Evgs. only at 8.30. Tem. 5122.
BASIL SYDNEY & MARGARETTA SCOTT in
TRAITOR'S GATE
"... HOW THE PLAY HOLDS!"—*Times.*

GARRICK. No perfs. Dec. 19–24. Reopen Boxing Day at 2.30 & 8.30. Subs. 8.30 (ex. Mon.), Tu., Th., Sat., 2.30
GYLES ISHAM and WANDA ROTHA.
ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA
"A PLAY TO SEE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp
Mats., Boxing Day, WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
Closed 19th–24th. Reopening Boxing Day, Mat. 2.30.

THEATRES—continued

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO,
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER.
in THE FLEET'S LIT UP
Closed Dec. 19th–24th. Extra Mats. Dec. 26th & 27th

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Hol. 9617 & 5367.
28th year ITALIA CONTI production
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS
DAILY, at 2.15.
Pop. Prices. Concessions to Parties. Box office open.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
THE FLASHING STREAM
by CHARLES MORGAN.

OLD VIC. (WATERLOO 6336.) 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
Evgs. at 8.0. Mats.: Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
Week commencing December 19th Theatre closed for rehearsals.
Opening Monday, December 26th, 2.30,
FOR FOUR WEEKS ONLY
CHRISTMAS REVIVAL
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
(Shakespeare)
DOROTHY HYSON ROBERT HELPMANN
PEGGY LIVESEY RUTH WYNN OWEN
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JOHN MILLS
Produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE.
Dances arranged by Ninette de Valois.
Costumes and Scenery by Oliver Messel.

PALACE. Ger. 6834. Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK CICELY
HULBERT and COURTNEIDGE in
"UNDER YOUR HAT"

PLAYHOUSE. Dec. 21, 2.30. Mats. only (ex. Xmas Eve)
ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS
including the Mad Hatter's Tea Party.
By LEWIS CARROLL.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15. W. S. 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST. JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.
Closed 19th to 24th. Reopens Boxing Day, Mat. 2.30

RUDOLF STEINER HALL (CUN. 1331)
DECEMBER 29TH, AT 2.30.
JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY'S CHILDREN'S THEATRE.
HARCOURT WILLIAMS.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903.) Evgs., 8.30. W., S., 2.30
BARRY K. BARNES in
GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN
by A. A. MILNE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
LONDON'S LAUGHING SUCCESS
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED
by J. B. PRIESTLEY. Xmas Mats., Dec. 27, 30 & 31

SAVILLE. (Tem. 4011.) Evgs., 8.15. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S play of the moment.
GENEVA
Prices, 1/6 to 10/6.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888. Comm. Boxing Day &
Mats DAILY at 2.30.
MALCOLM KEEN in
TREASURE ISLAND
For Boys from Seven to Seventy.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888. No perfs. Dec. 19–24
Reopen Boxing Day. Evgs. only, 8.30.
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every Line."—*Daily Herald.*

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS in
GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS
Extra Christmas Matinees, Dec. 26 & 27, at 2.30.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. and Sat.
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE by Ben Travers.
Extra Christmas Matinee, Boxing Day, at 2.30.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
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BABES IN THE WOOD
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Seats: 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

THEATRES—continued

VAUDEVILLE. (Tem. 4871.) 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30
GOODNESS, HOW SAD!
by Robert Morley. (Extra Mats., Dec. 23 & 26, 2.30.)
Reserved Seats from 3/6. *Unreserved,* 2/6.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20, & 9
LUPINO LANE
TEDDIE ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES.
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8/6, 6/6, 4/6, 2/6
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MARCO MILLIONS
GRIFFITH JONES CATHERINE LACEY
GEORGE HOWE STEPHEN MURRAY
(For a limited run only)

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30
QUIET WEDDING
ELIZABETH ALLAN, FRANK LAWTON MARIE LÖHR
Extra Christmas Matinees, Dec. 26 & 27, 2.30.

VARIETY THEATRES

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
From December 19th. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
The Wonder Show. DOORLAY'S CHRISTMAS ROCKET, The World's Fastest Variety.
Com. Dec. 24th. DAILY at 2.30, 6.25 & 9 p.m.

REPERTORY THEATRES

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. **Little**
Specially revised version of
"The Barc Idea"
GORDON SHERRY.

LIVERPOOL. The Playhouse
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
Bonnet Over the Windmill
DODIE SMITH.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
DANIELLE DARRIEUX
in her latest and greatest French triumph
KATIA (A)
Princesse Marthe Bibesco's world-famous love romance.

BERKELEY, Berkeley St. May. 8505
PIERRE FRESNAY in
"ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE" (A)
Also DANIEL DARRIEUX in
"*MAYERLING*" (A)

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 19th, for SIX DAYS.
THE FILM HITLER BANNED
THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE (A)
Directed by FRITZ LANG.

LONDON PAVILION. Ger. 2982
Madge EVANS, Preston FOSTER in
"THE LAST OF THE CAVALRY" (U)
also "*INVISIBLE ENEMY*" (A)
Continuous daily from 10 a.m.

EXHIBITION

THE STORRAN GALLERY
Gouaches by JEAN MABLORD
Pastels by SUSAN PALMER
5, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1. Until 24th

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or Late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

CHARITY

ONE WEEK LEFT in which to buy seasonal gifts at the Spain Shop and by doing so to help the Spanish people. Spanish, Chinese, Czech, Indian and Russian goods in great variety; pottery, groceries, novelties, books, Christmas cards, etc. Food parcels can be sent as Gifts to the Spanish people. SPAIN SHOP, 71 Shaftesbury Ave. (Nr. Piccadilly Circus), W.1. Gerrard 4987.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 1071

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way (formerly Hart Street), W.C.1. Telephones in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic. 7289.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Hotel. Ideal for people on leave. Sun lounge. Private bath and sitting rooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

MENDIPS. Xmas holidays. 17th cent. Guest House, run by Anglo-French family, open fires, electricity, constant hot water, good cooking. 2½ gns. Xmas, 12s. 6d. p.d. WYNDHAM, Shepton Mallet, 57.

ASHDOWN FOREST, THE CLOCK HOUSE, NUTLEY, Sussex. A delightful GUEST HOUSE in 7 acres. Central heating, open fires, running hot and cold water, electric light, garage, own garden produce, chickens, eggs and milk. Good chef. Special terms for autumn and winter. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

REDUCED Winter terms at White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Central heating, open fires, running H. & C. Rottingdean 9614.

WEST SUSSEX. Christmas in quiet village. Good fires, home-made fare. 42s. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

BEXHILL ON SEA. Homely board-residence. Two guineas weekly. Ideal quiet holiday or convalescence. Bracing but mild, maximum sunshine. York House, 29 Cantelupe Road.

SEAFORD. Miss MITCHELL, Claremont House, Claremont Road. Facing south and sea. Central heating, gas fires and h. and c. water in bedrooms. Vegetarian.

ENGLISH LAKES. Reduced winter rates for comfortable and delightfully varied accommodation at Langdale Estate, including well-equipped furnished cottages with hot water and electric light. Special Christmas Programme. Squash Rackets Court. Café-Restaurant. Recreation Room. Booklet (N) from: LANGDALE ESTATE, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

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GLORIOUS COTSWOLDS. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre for rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 gns.

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SUSSEX COAST. Delightful little house to let furnished, every comfort; garage. Jan./March, low rental. 42 Sellons Avenue, London, N.W.10.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

XMAS IN PARIS with the Paris Trades Council. The gayest holiday of all. All-night banquet, cabaret and ball, visits to Socialist municipalities, etc. Inclusive price, £4 17s. 6d. Leave London Dec. 23rd (8 p.m.). Return Dec. 27th. Extra day (optional), 10s. 6d. No bookings accepted after first post Monday, Dec. 19th.

NEW YEAR IN THE ALPS. Party leaves for Chamonix, Dec. 31st. Inclusive price: 9 days, £6 19s. 6d.; or 16 days, £8 19s. 6d. Last day for booking, Dec. 22nd. PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.2.

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BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST

What that cold needs is
VAPEX
TRADE MARK

Remedies which treat only the symptoms of a cold (running nose, headache, sore throat, etc.) simply bottle up the germs in the system. To get well quickly, treat the CAUSE, not the effects.

Vapex, because it is breathed from the handkerchief direct through the nasal and bronchial passages, destroys the germs where they congregate, and natural relief follows.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

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PERSONAL

AUSTRIAN lawyer needs immediate help to get an English visa. Self-supporting, pending emigration to America. Box 3556.

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

OUT-OF-WORKS may join free Community Home Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent.

WILL nice family offer hospitality (until re-emigration) to young girl pianist, at present in Vienna in desperate situation. For full particulars please write: MRS. LOURIÉ, 41 Buckland Crescent, N.W.3.

HOME sought for German Jewish girl, aged 11, with sympathetic family. Box 3577.

GERMAN woman, 35, seeks home or position. Experienced kindergarten work, child massage, gymnastics. Box 3577.

WANTED for lady, 54 years, still in Vienna, hospitality. Any light work in return. Box 3567.

AUTHOR-JOURNALIST, 35, would give several hours daily service (secretarial, translations, cooking, gardening, etc.), return room-board enabling him complete literary engagements. Able, experienced, adaptable. Box 3575.

BLOKES (26) seek progressive companion for three-year, £150, world-cycle tour. Box 3583.

WILL anyone help pay towards training German-Jewish girl (17); motherless. Fled from Spain—expelled from Italy—nowhere to go. Box 3565.

YOUNG woman anxious join intelligent, cheerful but non-hearty group Christmas, preferably country; would assist humanitarian cause. Box 3591.

STAMMERING, etc. Residence possible. DR. PURKISS, 47 Valentines Road, Ilford. Val. 5679.

ANTHONY PANTING cannot accept any more portrait appointments to be completed before Christmas, but you can call at 5 Paddington Street (off Marylebone High Street) to see and buy my Christmas cards (skilful and varied!).

HAVE YOU A GIFT TO MAKE? Send a dainty "Grove & Garden" Token for Flowers or Fruit. Any value from 5s. Particulars: GROVE & GARDEN LTD., 26 Long Acre, W.C.2. (PAD. 5591.)

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DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8594.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 1071

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

A BACK WITH A VIEW. Over lovely gardens. Tennis. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s., bed b'fast; 37s. 6d., part board. Also FLATLETS (unfurn.). Alcove basins. Kitchenettes, private baths from 18s. 6d. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

BAKER STREET. Modern furnished divan rooms, full service, constant hot water, concealed basins, P.O. 'phones, gas fires. Single from 35s. 6d.; double, 65s.; including breakfast. Other meals optional. RESIDENT OWNER, 30–32 Nottingham Place, W.1. Welbeck 5441.

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EXCEPTIONALLY attractive double room, 30s. each. part board. Also single room with private bath Eight week sub-let, £2 2s. p.w. PRI. 6466.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

HYDE PARK, 41 Cambridge Terrace, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

W.11. Divan sitting room, first floor private flat Pembridge Villas; use bathroom, kitchen, 'phone. One pound a week. Bay. 0626.

UNFURNISHED rooms and suites from 15s. to 32s. 6d. wkly., clean refined house, 'phone, garden. 58 Priory Road, W. Hampstead.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

BUSTON MANOR, Hunton ('Phone: 85174), near Maidstone, Kent, for small conferences, schools, parties, etc. Moderate week-end terms. Enquiries invited.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

IF you find Town too dear and noisy or suburbs too dull you would probably be happier at Welwyn. Houses in this pleasant little Hertfordshire town (30 minutes from King's Cross) are for sale for £700 to £3,000 or to rent from £66 to £200 p.a. Illustrated details on request from N. S. WILLIAMS, The Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 248.

CHARMINGLY furnished labour-saving house, Letchworth, would let to careful tenants for nominal rent, January, February, March; efficient woman if required. Box 3570.

BRIGHTON FOR WINTER SUNSHINE: Attractively furnished self-contained flat; quiet crescent, facing own wooded gardens; 5 mins. sea; 2 recep., 2 dble. bedrooms. Piano, radiogram, refrigerator. Daily maid available; 4 gns. wkly. for 2 months let (Feb. and March). GILL, 18 Montpelier Crescent (Brighton 1611).

TO BE LET now, unfurnished or furnished, self-contained flat, recently decorated, at 29 Linden Gardens, W.2. Well-proportioned bed., recep., kitchen, bathroom. Admirably suited for two. Bayswater 3781.

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CHELSEA. Furnished flatlet to let, inc. c.h. 45s. weekly, two months approx. Box 3582.

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STUDIO with bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, good garden, near Belsize Park, 12 yrs. lease; £400. Box 3566.

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